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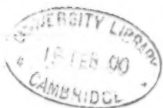


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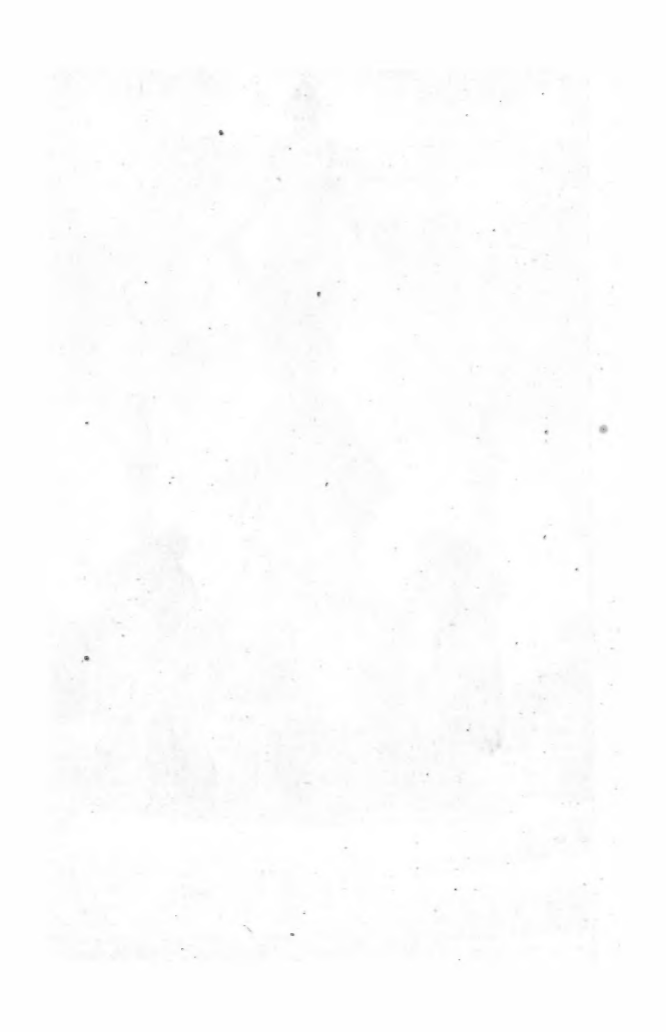
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TRIOMPHE DE LA REPUBLIQUE



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS CARL THEODOR OF BAVARIA

From Photo by HY. PERCHAMMER, Meran

A Royal Oculist and His Family

WRITTEN BY CARL SIEWERS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

ONE of the most interesting Royal personages in Europe is unquestionably Duke Carl Theodor of Bavaria, the famous oculist and benefactor of mankind, who recently attained his 60th birthday, and who with his wife, *née* Princess Maria Josepha of Braganza, celebrated his silver wedding last year, and we give their portraits with groups of their three daughters and two sons. Duke Carl Theodor's name as the famous "Royal oculist" is known the world over. With the poor people in Bavaria and neigh-

bouring states the Duke and his family are simply worshipped in many a humble cottage where he has restored the sight of the bread-winner, and that without expecting or demanding any emolument, for one of the greatest services which man can render to his fellow-creatures. Needless to say the Duke did not take up his profession to "earn his living" as the saying goes, but purely from the love of the study of medicine and surgery. However, the study of the human eye, the "window of the soul," fascinatingly attracted him at the outset, and beginning in a small way to give

people the benefit of his skill, his work has gradually extended to such an extent that he now keeps open three large clinics, full all the year round with sufferers from near and afar, mostly poor, who have come to be cured of one of the most awful afflictions to which mankind is heir. Here, indeed, we behold a noble, unselfish and truly Princely life, which many sons of Royalty might do well to emulate!

At the early age of eighteen, in the traditions of his family, Duke Carl Theodor entered the Army and in the

culum under the famous chemist Justus von Liebig, the physicist Jolly, the diagnosist Ludwig von Buhl, and the anatomist Rüdinger, all of whom have praised his diligence and his devotion to his profession. These studies were brought to an abrupt close by the breaking out of the Franco German War, in which the Duke fought most gallantly as Colonel of the Bavarian Light Horse which bears his name, and of which he is now General *à la suite*. *En passant* it may be mentioned he was also made the honorary chief of the famous



THE DAUGHTERS OF CARL THEODOR

From Photo by CARL THEODOR, München

war with Austria in 1866 fought with distinction and conspicuous bravery, for which he received several medals and other decorations. However, at the close of the war he retired from active service and accomplished various long travels in foreign parts, which, it should be remembered, were not such an easy matter of performance in those days as now. During his travels he devoted his time to the study of natural sciences, but particularly that of medicine, towards which the mind of the young Prince especially tended. In time he passed through a complete preparatory curri-

Prussian Regiment of Dragoons, "Baron von Manteuffel" and the Grand Cross of the Black Eagle—ranking with the English Garter in point of distinction—conferred upon him.

At the close of the war the Duke resumed his peaceful studies, naturally greatly enriched in mind with practical experience from the battlefield and the lazarette, and at the urgent recommendations of his old tutors, Buhl, Lindwurm, Niessbaum, and others, he was in the summer of 1872, on the occasion of the quartcentenary of the foundation of the Munich University, created an Honorary

Doctor by the Medicinal Faculty, an honour never before conferred upon a Bavarian or other Prince. And in the following autumn the young Duke took his degree with shining honours. The Princely doctor now entered upon a more close study of his favourite subject, viz., diseases of the eye, under the celebrated ophthalmologist Prof. Deutschland, passing through a regular and severe course at the clinics of Zürich and Vienna. Simultaneously he developed a great penchant for scientific writing, and among his treatises from that period are those "On the Variability of Glass Bodies," "On the Pathological Anatomy of Shortsightedness," "The Bacillus in the Human Eye," and many others of a kindred nature, which have attracted much notice in medical circles by their depth of learning and clearness.

In the early years of study the young Prince experienced a great but alas! only short family happiness. For when twenty-six years of age he wooed and carried home as his bride the beautiful young daughter of King John of Saxony, the Princess Sophie, who in the following year expired with a newly-born babe at her breast. From that moment the young bereaved Princely doctor found consolation only in his work.

Seven years elapsed, at which time there resided at Schloss Brombach, in the charming Main-Tauber district, the widow of the dethroned Portuguese King Dom Miguel I., surrounded by a bevy of lovely daughters. They were at first five in number these Braganza sisters, who were brought up in convent-like seclusion, but in April, 1871, the brother of Don Carlos, Prince Alfons of Bourbon, carried off the Infanta Maria de las Neves, eighteen, and in June, 1873, the seventeen-year old Infanta Maria Theresa became the bride of the Archduke Carl Ludwig, brother of Kaiser Franz Joseph. Of the three remaining sisters the highly gifted and amiable Infanta Maria Josepha became in the spring of the following year the second consort of Duke Carl Theodor. The choice was a most happy one, and the handsome young Princess soon won all hearts in her new country. And in a few years only we find her entering

heart and soul into the work of her husband at the eye hospital at Tegernsee, where Dr. Duke Carl Theodor has practised professionally since 1880, and subsequently at clinics in Moran and Munich, since established.

The Duke, by the way, first began to practise professionally in 1877 at Mentone, where he took over the business of the well-known Russian oculist Prof. Iwanoff, and since then hundreds of suffering patients have sought relief at his hand, principally from that dread precursor of blindness, cataract of the eye. This disease the Duke has made his speciality, and in its cure gained a world-wide reputation. And in these operations he is nobly assisted by his handsome wife, whose deep calm brown eyes inspire everybody with hope and confidence—whilst holding the head of the patient, washing the wound, or putting on the bandages. At other times she superintends the hospital kitchen. In the 5,600 operations performed by the skilful Royal oculist—of which 3,500 were for cataract—the Duchess Maria Josepha has attended some two-thirds, and the harvest of her womanly skill and sympathy has truly been great. In her, too, her husband has indeed found an ideal wife for his calling.

Duke Carl Theodor, who was born at Schloss Posenhofen, is the second son of the late Duke Maximilian and Princess Louise of Bavaria, daughter of King Maximilian the First. He is now the Head of the Family, which, by the way, last year also celebrated the centenary of its accession to "Ducal title and honours in Bavaria," its German style, instead of formerly "Comtal," his elder brother, Ludwig, having renounced all his rights on hismorganatic marriage with Fräulein Henrietta Mendel, created Baroness von Wallersee, an operatic artiste, who died in 1891. Exactly a twelvemonth later the Duke, then sixty years of age, contracted another romanticmorganatic union, also with a theatrical vocalist of humble birth, the beautiful Fräulein Antonia Barth, since created Frau von Bartolf, then just twenty-one. The present Duchess, Princess Maria Josepha of Braganza, who was born March 19th, 1857, and whose elder sisters are, as stated, the Dowager-



THE HEREDITARY DUKES LUDWIG WILHELM AND FRANZ JOSEPH

From Photo by A. SELA, WICK

Archduchess Charles Louis of Austria, since the death of the Empress leader of the Imperial Family, and the step-mother of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este, heir to the throne—and second the Princess Alfons of Bourbon-Spain—has a third, the Comtesse de Bardi, a fourth the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, and a fifth the Duchess of Parma, step-mother of the late Princess of Bulgaria.

By his first marriage the Duke has one child, Amelie, born December 24th, 1865, wife of Wilhelm, Duke of Urach and Count of Württemberg, who have three children, all girls; and by his second marriage the three daughters the Duchesses Sophie, twenty-four;

Elizabeth, twenty-three; and Maria Gabriele, twenty-one in October. The Duchess Sophie married July 26th, 1898, Count John Törring-Jettenbach, born April 7th, 1862, a romantic love match. His two sons are the Hereditary Duke Ludwig Wilhelm, sixteen on January 17th, and Franz Joseph, named after the Emperor of Austria, his uncle, twelve in March.

The young Princesses are also great favourites with the members of the reigning family of Bavaria, not least with their numerous young male and female "cousins," the children of Prince and Princess Ludwig, whose mother, Maria Theresa of Austria-Este and Modena, is the "Stuart Queen" of the Jacobites,

and the "rightful" Queen of these Realms, a matter *en passant* to which she herself is more indifferent than the most lukewarm of her self-constituted partisans. In Munich society, too, these charming youthful Princesses are great favourites, through their homely ways and unaffected manners. They dress plainly, but very tastefully, perhaps rather more with a view to utility than show of apparel; hence also their popularity with the honest and sober middle-classes of "München." Needless to say, the Princesses, like their younger brothers, have received an excellent and complete education, and they have all inherited the artistic and musical tastes which seem to be the precious heirloom of the Wittelsbachs.

The Duke had two sisters,—the late Empress of Austria and the Duchess d'Alençon, both of whom died unnatural deaths, one being murdered and the other burned; and he has two living—the ex-Queen of Naples and the Comtesse de Trani. His late brother, Max, was the husband of the Princess Amelie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, daughter of Princess Clementine, sister of the Prince of Bulgaria, and grand-daughter of King Louis Philippe. It was at Schloss Tegernsee, on the beautiful mountain lake of the name and her birthplace, that the romantic love story of the handsome Duchess Elizabeth and her Imperial swain was woven—alas! to terminate so sadly in blood and woe!





WRITTEN BY J. E. CHALMERS. ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS

CHAPTER I.

IT had been a busy day on Mr. Prothero's ostrich farm: Whites and Kaffirs and Hot-tentots alike had been driven to work under the personal supervision of their employer, who possessed energy and instinct—compelling qualities in a master. It was late when at length he dismissed the men and went home, to sup and rest after the day's labour. His women folk did not come out to welcome his return as usual, but a small Kaffir boy was in readiness to lead the master's horse to its stall.

Prothero stood still, rubbing his stubby chin with the palm of his hand; then he went round to the back entrance, and let himself in; the crunch of his heavy boots on the sanded floor warned the women of his approach. His wife, an elfin-like creature, ran forward into his arms—they had only been married two months—while his sister turned away to light the lamp. Supper was laid.

"Oh, Jack, how late you are," cried Mrs. Prothero, nestling up to his shoulder.

"H'm! I suppose you got tired of waiting, and so you left that black imp to watch for my coming," he replied curtly.

"You are pretending to be cross, aren't you?" and she looked up into his face with bright, confident eyes.

His stern features relaxed into a smile.

"I missed you, and I'm dog tired—that's about the truth of it. Now for supper, Nancy," said Prothero, turning to his sister.

Nancy Prothero came forward into the room, lamp in hand; she set it down on the table.

"We are quite ready for you, Jack."

"I should think so, for it's long past the usual hour," chimed in his wife. "After supper we have a piece of news for you—haven't we, Nan?"

"Yes, and a scheme in view," added Miss Prothero.

Jack looked from one to the other; but he sat down to supper without uttering an expression of curiosity. He was hungry, and his appetite took longer than usual to satisfy; then he proceeded to fill and light up his pipe.

"Now you can tell me all about this precious scheme of yours."

His wife patted his shoulder. "I will



"THE CRUNCH OF HIS HEAVY BOOTS ON THE SANDED FLOOR WARNED THE WOMEN"

begin from the very beginning, as the children say, and Nancy may interrupt if she chooses. You know my mother ran away from home to marry my father; her relations didn't approve of Dad, and Sir Alfred Stopford, my grandfather, never forgave her—poor, dear Dad, it was rather rough on him. Well, this morning, soon after you went out, a stranger, who had trekked a long distance, left a letter for me." Here Mrs. Prothero produced an envelope from which she drew a sheet of crested notepaper, covered with fine, straggling letters in a feminine hand. She began to read aloud:

"My dear Niece,

"I wonder if you have ever heard of me. Of course you have, for your mother, my very dear sister, had too sweet a nature to forget her own kith and kin, although they may have appeared hard and unforgiving towards her. The news of Mr. Douglas—your father's—death has just reached us, and we think that the time has come to heal this too long existing breach. In short, my dear child, your uncle Humphrey and I are prepared to offer you a home with us. Sometimes we feel lonely, as you must feel now, so come and cheer us up in our old age. Your grandfather, I am sure, would have approved of this step, for he relented towards your mother latterly—too late for her, poor soul! He did not long survive her. Come, dear child, at our united request. I am taking your consent for granted, and enclose a cheque for your travelling expenses, and such outfit as you may require for the voyage. Felice will set the rest in order when you come. Felice is my maid, a perfect treasure.

"Your affectionate Auntie,

"SOPHIA STOPFORD."

"What do you think of that? They don't know of my marriage, that is evident from this letter."

Jack Prothero blew several whiffs from his pipe in silence. "Awkward, very," he exclaimed at length.

The women exchanged significant glances across the table.

Jack continued:

"I met that rascally messenger this morning, and gave him valuable information as to the whereabouts of a certain Miss Nellie Douglas, now Mrs. John Prothero. How I wish I had acted on my first impulse and pocketed the letter."

"Crusty old bear. He wouldn't have given it up to you, though," declared his wife playfully.

"Yes, he would, for it was a mile out of his way down here," returned her husband coolly.

"You couldn't have acted so meanly, Jack," here Nancy interposed.

"I could. Now, I suppose, I must

resign myself to the loss of my wife, who will naturally wish to return to her grand relations, and this is the reward of——." The rest of his speech was smothered by,

"You see, dear man, they don't know I am married——"

"I think you mentioned that before."

"——If they did, this letter would never have been written."

"Exactly, O wisest of women."

"Jack, please, be sensible," implored Mrs. Prothero.

"I am trying to be," he said, laughing.

"Nancy and I have found a brilliant way out of the difficulty. You know it must be awfully dull here for Nancy. There is nobody fit to tie her shoe strings; you are the only decent man out here."

"Rather a tall order. There was Elliott last spring."

"Elliott," repeated his wife, tilting her nose scornfully. "He was seldom sober; surely you wouldn't have allowed Nancy to marry him."

"I expect when the time comes, Nancy will please herself. But Elliott was rich, you know." There was a humorous twinkle in Jack's blue eyes.

"I am tired of being discussed as if I were not present," Nancy interposed. "Nelly has proposed that I should take her place, and make the acquaintance of her mother's people."

"I don't quite understand," returned her brother sharply.

Nancy was standing by the window, and her figure loomed large in the grey square of the casement. She had expected opposition; and her chin was lifted defiantly. As he looked at her, Jack could not help acknowledging the truth of his wife's statement; there was no one fit to mate with her; nobody likely to come along either. The women were right about Elliott. He was a drunkard and a gambler, and probably he would end his days with an ounce of lead through his body; for he had a wonderful knack of provoking antagonism.

Nancy's voice broke the silence.

"It is quite out of the question for Nell to go, she couldn't exist apart from you, Jack. She must send back the cheque, and say she is married, or——"

"Do something far more sensible——let Nancy go in my place. It would give her a chance she is not likely to get otherwise. Dear Jack, do be reasonable."

But Jack shook his head decidedly in the negative.

"We really ought to consider Nancy's future," urged the artful little woman.

"By lending ourselves to a fraud," exclaimed her now irate husband. "You must be out of your senses to suggest such a thing to me."

"I was never more serious or sensible in my life," declared Mrs. Prothero.

"It will be an adventure. I have made up my mind to risk it, Jack," Nancy said, in quick, vibrant tones.

"You have made up your mind, and you believe you are capable of carrying it through. I think I know you better than you know yourself. At least, I hope I do. Here is the cheque——" and his fingers closed upon it. "I can light my pipe with it——so——then where is your precious scheme?"

A sharp cry escaped from Mrs. Prothero; the next moment the cheque was safe in her hands; only one corner of it had been scorched.

"How could you be so cruel, Jack! One hundred pounds, oh, Nancy! just think of it."

Nancy shrugged her shoulders. She had not turned a hair throughout the incident.

"Kismet! I am to go," she said, and there was a joyful note in her voice.

CHAPTER II.

Nancy arrived in London on a bright May morning; and this fact, taken in conjunction with a voyage of unprecedented fine weather, seemed to augur well for the future.

Seated in a first-class compartment of the mid-day express from Euston to Eversfield Junction, where the last stage of her journey would be accomplished, Nancy looked out upon the pastoral scenery with eager and delighted eyes. The country was clothed in the tender green livery of spring, perhaps the most becoming garb of any season; and whirling past were wooded belts, and undulating streams and pasture land. Nancy felt her heart swell at the prospect

of spending the next few months in the midst of such peace and prosperity. Past green fields, and meadows, and villages, a few towns, and many country stations, whirled the express train with its living burden, until it slowed off before entering the big junction of Eversfield.

Nancy looked out of the window, faint and dizzy with excitement. A few minutes later she found herself standing on the platform, in the midst of a hurly-burly consisting of luggage, porters, paper boys, and passengers. She singled out her one large trunk at a glance; then paused, to look about her. Surely there would be some one to meet her; for she had wired the time of her arrival to her assumed relations. She proceeded to scan the people on the platform, conjuring up a vision of Miss Stopford, grey-haired and stately; but nobody answered this description. There were a few maiden ladies, and a portly widow, in flowing weeds; her eyes wandered past them, to fall upon a small slim woman, in a tailor-built, grey gown, with a profusion of disordered golden hair, shining beneath the coquettish, upturned brim of her hat; her face was vaguely indicated through a white gauze veil. A few paces behind her stood a colossal footman, in chocolate coloured livery. Gradually the platform was cleared, but these two figures remained stationary. A sudden instinctive knowledge came to Nancy, and she went up to the woman in grey.

"Are you Miss Stopford?" she asked in clear distinct tones.

"My dear child! So you have really come! I am happy to see you. I was looking out for somebody diminutive, like myself. How tall you are. William will attend to your luggage, if you point it out to him. Now come along, dear, the carriage is here." And so, talking volubly, in a thin, high falsetto, Miss Stopford led the way from the station, while Nancy followed her in a bewilderment of ideas and first impressions. This girlish, effusive creature, did not at all resemble the stately person her imagination had depicted. Nancy took her seat in the barouche with a quiet dignity, which contrasted curiously with the elder woman's juvenility.

The high-stepping greys made short work of the five miles to the Grange. Here, at least, no disappointment awaited Nancy in the ancient pile, with its grey walls and moss-grown tower, its moat, and rusty drawbridge.

Miss Stopford was chattering now about her maid, Felice, extolling her abilities, as she hurried her supposed niece through the corridors, until her own boudoir was reached, where tea was laid. Afterwards Nancy made the acquaintance of Felice, and when the maid had unpacked the visitor's trunk, and retired to her own quarters, leaving Nancy alone, the latter was overcome by a rush of homesickness, and burying her face in the cushions of the easy chair, she broke into weeping. And so the new life began.

CHAPTER III.

Sir Humphrey Stopford was away in Scotland, and the first few days subsequent to Nancy's arrival were spent at the Grange *tête-à-tête* with Miss Stopford, whom, in spite of her kindness, Nancy found a most wearisome person. Nancy made her first appearance in the neighbourhood at the Eversfield Flower Show, where she was the subject of flattering commentary. There were only two people who interested her, a retired naval officer and his daughter. Nancy managed to detach herself from Miss Stopford's party, and wandered away with this couple. Captain Foster's clean shaven face, with its well cut features and humorous eyes, had taken her fancy; his daughter reminded her curiously of Jack's wife. They lived in a picturesque old cottage, hung with creepers, called the White Cottage, which Nancy had frequently noticed during her rambles in the neighbourhood.

Captain Foster was deeply interested in all matters relating to South Africa, and he led Nancy on to speak of her experiences out there.

"Now, Miss Douglas, dad is mounted on his hobby horse!" Kitty Foster declared laughingly.

So many people had addressed Nancy as "Miss Douglas" that afternoon, and she was getting quite accustomed to her new name.

"These primulas would take a lot of beating. Finer specimens than ours, of which you are so proud—eh, Kit?" the Captain remarked quizzically.

Kitty did not answer, her face was the colour of a red rose. Nancy followed the direction of her eyes, and saw that a stranger had joined Miss Stopford's party. He raised his hat in recognition of Miss Foster's bow. Captain Foster was still bending over the primulas. Nancy took in every detail of the new-comer's appearance, the silken sweep of his chestnut hair as he bared his head momentarily, and the well-shaped brown hand, wondering who he might be. She judged him to be a person of some importance. But when his identity subsequently became known to her, she was taken by surprise, for he was no other than Sir Humphrey Stopford, whom she had imagined to be bordering on sixty.

"Uncle Humphrey." Of course, she could not call him that. It would be too absurd. But all the same, he would look upon her as his niece, and treat her accordingly. More than ever Nancy regretted the imposition she had practised. Sir Humphrey's cool grey eyes haunted her, they had such a depth of penetration.

"What do you think of her, Humptrey?" cried Miss Stopford for the third time. "She doesn't resemble poor Helen, but she is a nice girl, and her accent is as pure as our own. I will confess that I lived in dread of her possessing a Colonial twang."

"How you must have suffered," mocked her brother. "A cockney accent is unendurable—but a Colonial twang—"

"Have you ever heard low Dutch spoken by a Boer?" broke in a clear voice, and Nancy stepped out from the French windows on to the terrace where they were standing.

"I fancy I have," in reply to her question. "I know the

Transvaal. Went out with a chap called Elliott in '94."

"With Elliott," Nancy repeated, and there was an unmistakable tremor in her voice.

"Yes," adding, after a quick glance at her, "he turned out a bad lot; eventually we separated, and I heard that he got shot through the lungs by a Boer, whom he had insulted. That was just before I took passage home."

"You don't know if he recovered, then?" Nancy tried to speak with unconcern.

"I fancy he did, for he had nine lives," she laughed. "What do you know of Elliott?"

Nancy hesitated; the question found her unprepared. She took refuge in a half truth.

"I met him in Kimberley, but we knew him very slightly."



"SHOT THROUGH THE LUNGS BY A BOER"

"Don't you feel very proud of your niece, Sir Humphrey?" asked Kitty Foster a few days later.

Stopford was leaning over the wicket gate, watching the girl, who was busily plying her watering can. It was after sundown.

"She is well grown for her age. She won't remind me of the relationship; objects to calling me 'Uncle Humphrey.'"

Kitty sprinkled her mignonette with a plentiful goodwill. "Yes, it would sound rather absurd," she murmured.

"You admire her?"

"That goes without saying," Kitty replied quickly, and her face was hidden beneath the shady brim of her hat, as she bent over a flower bed.

"Fine figure, fine eyes, good complexion, etc.," exclaimed Stopford ironically.

The straw hat was nodded vigorously in the affirmative. He laughed.

"You disappoint me. I wanted to get a glimpse of the jealous element which every woman possesses, but which you manage to conceal so admirably."

Kitty's head was lifted now. He met her flashing eyes with composure.

"Don't you think that idea is a popular fallacy of man?" she asked. Her small dark face was glowing like a rose in June. The spirit of controversy suited her, bringing the vivacity of her features into play. Sir Humphrey's eyes were expressive, but Kitty turned away from him half petulantly.

"Here comes Miss Douglas—shall we refer the question to her?" she exclaimed.

Nancy came quickly down the lane; when she saw Sir Humphrey's friendly attitude by the wicket gate, she slackened her pace. They watched her approaching for a few seconds, in silence, then Kitty waved her watering can vigorously by way of a salute.

Stopford opened the gate, and followed Nancy into the garden.

Afterwards it occurred to Nancy to wonder if Sir Humphrey cared for Kitty Foster; she was conscious that the idea was distasteful to her, but she would not stop to analyse her feelings.

Visitors began to flock to the Grange, prompted by curiosity to see the new-

comer, and Miss Stopford talked of giving some dinner parties, and subsequently a dance, in honour of her niece. Sir Humphrey submitted with a good grace to his sister's extravagant proposals; perhaps he also felt that some effort should be made to secure entertainment for Nancy. He feared she must find the country very dull after the free, unconventional life she had led at the Cape. But when, delicately, he hinted this to Nancy, she set his doubts at rest.

"I have seen more people here in three weeks than formerly I used to meet in a twelvemonth. They are the sort of people I wanted to meet—Colonials are rough diamonds; I like the polished gems. Look at the greenness of this country, and compare it with the arid, sandy plains I have left. Oh, I just love this England of yours," and Nancy leaned forward on the garden seat, resting her chin on the palm of her hand.

Stopford's eyes examined her closely. To himself he admitted that she baffled him. Was it defiance or ambition expressed in the curl of her short upper lip, sentiment or coquetry in the pensive droop of her full eyelids?

CHAPTER IV.

"I suppose you have been to scores of dinner parties, Kitty, but to-night will be my first experience of this important function," and Nancy, swinging idly in the hammock above, looked down at her young hostess, who was occupied in shelling peas. "How can you be so energetic on this sleepy morning?" she cried.

"Needs must when—you know the rest. Our maid-of-all-work cut her finger badly this morning, and my dad won't eat a mouthful unless I cook it."

"I ought to help you," Nancy exclaimed.

"Can you cook?"

"Rather." And she laughed lightly. "I can cook, and dust, and mend, and do every mortal thing. I have helped to prepare the ostrich feathers on——" she stopped short, and coloured violently.

Kitty's eyes, full of an eager curiosity, were bent upon her. "Oh, please, go on," she cried. "I want to hear about

your life out there—on an ostrich farm, you said, tell me about it."

Nancy avoided the other's glance. "I didn't say anything about living on an ostrich farm. How quickly you jump at conclusions."

Kitty gave vent to a little gasp of bewilderment. "Surely you said——"

"That I had helped to prepare the feathers; but that was when I stayed with some friends who had an ostrich farm. A very different thing to living on one myself. You know my father was a schoolmaster at Kimberley."

"Of course. I remember now," replied Kitty, surprised at the other girl's unnecessary vehemence.

Nancy tumbled out of the hammock, and stood on *terra firma*.

"I hope you won't forget again. And—Kitty—I don't—like talking about my life out there."

"I am so sorry," she said, in gentle tones. "I must tell you some day why I am so interested in hearing about life on an ostrich farm. But I won't ask you any more questions about yourself. Let us go indoors."

Whilst Kitty ran into the kitchen with her dish of peas, Nancy was left alone in the drawing-room. She wandered round the room, examining the collection of curios which Captain Foster had picked up on his numerous voyages. Outside, the jalousies of the blinds were flapping sleepily, and an odour of roses, mignonette and lilies was wafted in on an idle breeze. A turquoise blue china bowl filled with La France roses, tempted Nancy to bury her face in delicate pink petals; her eyes fell upon a photograph in an ivory frame, that was also standing on the three-cornered chippendale table. An exclamation broke from her.

When Kitty entered the room, she found Nancy by the window, bending over the photograph, which she held in her hand. Kitty was struck by her pallor, and expressed some concern, but Nancy appeared unduly irritable.

"I am quite well. What an absurd idea. It is your room with its green paper and closed blinds, which make me look as yellow as a kite."

To this somewhat ungracious speech, Kitty found herself murmuring an apo-

logy for the ill-chosen colour of the wall paper, and mechanically she proceeded to pull up the offending blinds, thereby letting in a flood of brilliant sunshine.

Nancy tendered her the photograph, and Kitty placed it back upon the table, frowning slightly as she looked at it. It was the likeness of a man, young and not uncomely; but there was a suggestion of coarseness about the lower part of the face.

"I don't know why I keep it here," said Kitty, half to herself. "In such a conspicuous place, too. I don't need to be reminded of that chapter." She made a grimace, and looked towards Nancy, whose face was averted, showing only the outline of a pear-shaped cheek, and drooping eyelid.

"Nancy, did you ever meet Mr. Elliott out there?" she cried, with a sudden impulse of suspicion.

"Elliott—Elliott——"

"I think you must have done. This photograph is not very like him now. It was taken a long time ago, so perhaps you did not recognise him."

At that moment Nancy heard the click of the wicket gate, and looking out, she saw Sir Humphrey coming up the trim gravel path. She remembered her admission to him with regard to Elliott. She must repeat it to Kitty.

"It is not a good likeness. I shouldn't have known it. I have met Mr. Elliott, of course."

"Did you meet him when you were staying with your friends on the ostrich farm?"

"Yes," Nancy replied curtly.

Kitty began to pace the room, her face and manner betrayed excitement.

"What a small world it is, to be sure. I was once engaged to Elliott. I went out to South Africa, with a cousin who was joining her husband at Cape Town, to be married to him. But I came home single. Sir Humphrey returned in the same steamer with me. He was very kind. I shall never forget it."

Nancy was standing mute and still.

"You didn't guess that I had been jilted. When I remember, I feel so crushed and small——"

"Don't remember," Nancy interposed, and her voice struck a note of entreaty.

"I must—there is so much you may

be able to tell me, that I have always longed to know. He had fallen in love with another girl—a colonial—. When did you meet him?"

"I knew him soon after he landed at the Cape," Nancy replied, and the next moment found her regretting this admission.

"Perhaps you knew the girl for whom he jilted me?"

Nancy drew a long breath.

"Yes, I knew the girl."

"You knew——"

"May I come in?" called Sir Humphrey from the garden.

Nancy enjoyed her first dinner party immensely. The dinner was a sumptuous affair, but this fact scarcely added to her pleasure. The knowledge that she was a success flushed her cheeks, and caused her eyes to scintillate like gems on velvet. The homage of the men, tribute paid to beauty, was gratifying to the colonial girl. Major Du Cane, who was a born courtier, flattered and caressed her with his handsome eyes, and a blunt old judge paid her open compliments. It was not until the guests had dispersed that Nancy observed the cloud on Sir Humphrey's brow. Her spirits sank to zero.

"What has vexed you?" she asked impulsively.

He answered coldly.

"It is an awful bore to entertain the class of men one despises—Du Cane, for instance. They drink your wine, make love to your wife, ride your hunters if they get a chance, and play the mischief all round."

Nancy laughed; her spirits had risen again.

"I was afraid you were vexed with me, and I am relieved to find that it is only Major Du Cane after all. How do you like me to-night—not my dress—that is Felice, but myself?" She lifted her blue eyes as she spoke, gazing full into his face.

Sir Humphrey started and drew back. The next moment he had recovered himself.

"In your way, you are as bad as Sophy, I declare. What an insatiable thirst for admiration!"

There was an emotional look in her eyes.

"I have no one to praise me," she said.

"Indeed. I thought to-night you had too many."

He left the room abruptly, and Nancy stood still, dreaming, though wide awake.

On the following day, Sir Humphrey went up to town, where the season was now drawing to its close. In the meantime, at the Grange, preparations were being made for the ball, which Miss Stopford, with her usual reckless extravagance and love of display, had determined should be a brilliant affair.

Nancy had carefully avoided the Fosters lately, for she feared that Kitty might question her further with respect to Elliott. Through servants' gossip, she learnt that the Fosters were away on a visit; and their cottage was closed for the time being.

On the day before the ball the master of the Grange returned. As chance would have it, on his arrival, he found Major Du Cane and a couple of officers from the *dépôt* ensconced in the great hall, where at one end Nancy was pouring out tea. She greeted him shyly, and soon afterwards Major Du Cane and the others took their leave.

Sir Humphrey sank into a seat beside Nancy, sighing his relief.

"How that chap bores me. I am sorry, because, evidently, you like his society," he added, with a swift, suspicious glance at her glowing face.

"Oh, he is better than nobody," she exclaimed lightly.

"I am afraid you are a born flirt," he declared, "and admiration is the most piquant sauce to you."

"You are not going to lecture me again. I have been so good while you have been away."

His face softened. A dangerous forgetfulness would steal over him when he looked into her blue eyes. Afterwards, when taking himself to task, he could not account for it. The girl was his niece, it was impossible to regard her in any other light, and yet she possessed a power no woman had possessed before,

to thrill and torture his senses. This discovery had driven him away to town, where he had plunged into a vortex of dissipation; but his enforced return to fulfil the duties of host compelled him once more to stand on the brink of a precipice, where one false step might hurl him into an abyss.

"Are you looking forward to the dance to-morrow? Are you fond of dancing?" he asked Nancy in commonplace tones, while he told himself again that he must take his departure as speedily as possible.

"I don't know. I haven't had much experience. I went to a dance at Kimberley once, but my partners, with one exception, were a rough lot."

"And the exception?" inquired Sir Humphrey.

Nancy broke into laughter.

"I danced six times with him, and he made such pretty speeches that I think I dreamt of him for a week afterwards."

Sir Humphrey was toying with the silver chatelaine which dangled from her waist; her head was bent, and she could not see his face.

"He was a lucky chap."

"There you are mistaken," she returned hastily, "for he was hanged a month later for highway robbery."

* * *

The morning was cloudy and dull, but it did not affect Sir Humphrey's spirits, he was in an excellent humour. The depression which had succeeded his arrival the night before had dispersed. A full basket makes a light-hearted sportsman, and he had whipped the stream to some purpose, having skilfully landed half-a-dozen speckled beauties.

Kitty Foster espied his tall figure at a distance, and determined to interrupt his sport.

His greeting was civil but not effusive, for he suspected her intention, and he decided that it was not a good thing to be on too friendly terms with a next door neighbour.

"We only came back last evening, and I wanted to see how everything was looking after the rain."

"Plenty more rain to come," was his laconic answer, as he looked up at the cloudy sky.

She laughed gaily. "I am going to

ask you a favour. I want to bring a friend to the dance to-night."

"We shall be delighted to entertain any friend of yours," he replied without hesitation.

She hung her head in momentary confusion.

"I am not so sure about that. Wait until you hear who it is."

"A man of course?"

"Of course." She mocked him.

"Tell me his name, then."

"You remember Elliott?"

"Not Elliott!" with considerable emphasis.

Kitty nodded her head.

"And you have forgiven him? I can't bear to think you have been so magnanimous. He deserved kicking."

"I know. Please, don't think I have been too magnanimous. I have a particular reason for bringing him to your dance to-night."

Sir Humphrey examined her scarlet countenance with a degree of curiosity.

"It must be an excellent reason," he said.

CHAPTER V.

There was a sound of revelry by night, such as the country side had not witnessed since the coming of age of the present master of the Grange, more than twenty years ago.

Nancy was dressed in ivory satin, and above the severe line of her corsage, her shoulders shewed whiter than her gown. Sir Humphrey watched her with secret pride and admiration, as she helped his sister in the onerous duties of a hostess.

Nancy was thrillingly conscious of his approval, wondering in vague perturbation of spirit when the farce would come to an end. Overcome by the thought, she sank upon a seat to recover herself. Sir Humphrey was by her side immediately.

"You are overtaxing yourself," he said in tones of concern.

"No, no," she hastened to reassure him. "It is all so new and delightful to me—" then suddenly her speech broke off. He looked at her face, and it was overspread by an ashen pallor. His eyes followed the direction of hers, but he saw only that the Fosters' party had

entered the ball room. The sight of Elliott's countenance, bearing traces of recent dissipation, filled him with disgust. He could not imagine why Kitty, who was really a nice little girl, should persist in wasting her sweetness upon such arid soil. He turned again to Nancy, but she had risen from her seat, and her face had regained its natural bloom.

"Who would have thought it?" he exclaimed aloud. "I never expected to see her here. The last time we met, she was in a print frock, and up to her elbows in work, like any slavey."

Kitty's eyes danced with merriment.

"Go on," she cried; "it sounds like a page from a romance—who is she?"

"Nancy Prothero, that devilish pretty girl in white, dancing with the tall,



"SHE WAS IN A PRINT FROCK, AND UP TO HER ELBOWS IN WORK."

"I am engaged for this dance," she told him hurriedly; "here is my partner." And the rest of her sentence was lost to Sir Humphrey as she turned away on her partner's arm.

Elliott was leaning against the wall, talking to Kitty Foster, when first he caught sight of Nancy. He grasped her identity slowly; his mind was not progressive, and literally he gaped with astonishment.

dark chap, there, in the middle of the room—don't you see them?"

"You are mistaken," said Kitty; "that girl is Nellie Douglas, a niece of the Stopfords, who has just lately come from the Cape."

"The little jade, oh, the little jade!" And his coarse laugh rang out. "Her brother married Miss Douglas, and she is Nancy Prothero. I knew her quite well out at the Cape, and I have good

reason to remember her," he added under his breath.

"Is this really—really true?" gasped Kitty, half frightened at the revelation. "Then she is an impostor. What will the Stopfords say?"

"We shall see," he answered grimly.

Nancy was alone in the grounds with Sir Humphrey, and a wild impulse prompted her to make confession, and thus, in a measure, to rob Elliott of his revenge. But how could she tell him? When first the plot had been hatched under her brother's roof, it had appeared more in the light of an escapade. Nancy could see again the white-washed walls, and sanded floors, the supper table, with the lamp light shining full on her sister-in-law's eager face, as she endeavoured to persuade Jack to consent to their wild proposition. If only they had been

guided by his maturer judgment, then she would—never have known Sir Humphrey Stopford. The sentence ended thus, in spite of Nancy's repentant mood.

The Venetian coloured lights twinkled round them, mocking the starless night. The strains of the Hungarian band floated out from the house, inviting their return. Nancy clasped Sir Humphrey's arm tightly, while she struggled with breathless, incoherent sentences, which fairly choked her in their utterance. Sir Humphrey listened to her confession with something approaching to bewilderment. When she had finished her story, still he remained silent, while the girl hid her face and broke into weeping.

Then Sir Humphrey took one of her trembling hands, and carried it to his lips.

"God!" he exclaimed. "I believe I have known it all along."



TWO LOVE-NOTES

" F E A R "

" A LITTLE less, O heart of mine,
" Love her a little less for fear
" Thy love should tire her love, and shine
" On ashes ere another year."

Such is the thought that calls in me
Each time I watch you disappear
From my poor sight that cannot see
How rich it is when you are near.

" F A I T H "

Your love is like a sun to show
The lesser things that life would pass,
The little flowers that strive to grow
Amid the common worldly grass.

And all the days that I may live
I'll clasp this comfort to my mind,
And think how little I could give—
How much by love, you seemed to find.

Chaudfontaine : A New Discovery

WRITTEN BY MATILDA CREAGH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



ALTHOUGH for some inexplicable reason Chaudfontaine, in Belgium, still remains unknown to fame and ignored by the tourist, there could not possibly be a pleasanter place at which to spend a summer or autumn holiday. For it lies in the heart of a smiling valley, the surrounding scenery is both beautiful and impressive, and the hotel—Grand Hôtel des Bains—is situated in such a good touring centre that many delightful excursions can be made from it.

The first object that strikes your eye as you reach the railway station at Chaudfontaine is this hotel, which forms the nucleus of the village on the opposite side of the River Vesdre. And as you cross the handsome metal bridge which unites the two banks of the stream like a clasp, the fine old building rises just in front of you, and looks so imposing, and at the same time so inviting, that you experience a thrill of satisfaction at the thought that you are about to sojourn in it. Nor are any of these pleasant anticipations dispelled by a nearer approach. On the contrary, the internal arrangements leave nothing to be desired. And from many of the windows you have an enchanting view of towering hills and hanging woods, sprinkled here and there with white houses; also of the pretty little kurseal, with its sunny garden and shady groves; and of the winding river, which, as it meanders through the Vesdre Valley, adds much to the beauty of the scene. For though it looks more like a blue ribbon than the typical silver thread, it has a lovely sheen upon its surface, which in certain parts reflects the trees and houses on its banks with

such fidelity that you are sometimes puzzled to think which is the more real—the objects as they are, or as they appear when reproduced in the shining waters of the River Vesdre.

The houses of which the village of Chaudfontaine is composed extend for some distance on both sides of the river, and on the left bank are effectively grouped round the old grey church which rises in their midst. I noticed that few of them were identical in colour, and that they varied very much in their physiognomy likewise. But what struck me as being most strange was that, while every available spot was occupied by a *café*, very few shops of any kind were to be seen—a circumstance which suggested the idea that the inhabitants must live on amusement alone, instead of on bread and meat, like ordinary mortals. Nevertheless, the children whom I saw playing about the quaint little street appeared to be very ordinary indeed; and they were, moreover, so dirty that while their faces looked as if they hadn't been washed for a week, there was really nothing about their hands to indicate that they had ever been washed at all! And yet there is water everywhere. For the river turns and twines itself round the village as though it were loth to leave so fair a spot; and in one part it indulges in so many sinuosities that the piece of ground on which the hotel stands is actually an island.

The Bois de Ninane runs up behind the hotel to a great height, and leads to the little hamlet of the same name, which, by some strange architectural freak, has been built on the very top of the hill. Of course it can only be reached by pedestrians, and the steep

pathway leading to it is really a triumph of engineering skill. But then the walk is so pleasant that you are indemnified for the fatigue it imposes; and through every opening in the trees you obtain the most charming views of the surrounding scene as you advance.

Ninane itself, however, is a poor place, almost pathetic in its insignificance, and, despite its alluring aspect, containing so little besides a mouldering church and a mildewed post-office,

quently fell into disuse; but that, having been rediscovered in 1713 by a man named Sauveur, they have since that period enjoyed a considerable (local) reputation, and are now much resorted to by people suffering from stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, and other kindred maladies. He added that the Chaudfontaine season begins in May, and that his visitors are chiefly Belgians, French, and Germans; but that if the Great British would honour



TILEF

that life must be reduced to its simplest expression there. It is thus one of those places that make a promise to the eye from a distance, which is broken at close quarters; and my advice to future visitors would, therefore, be to go to it by all means, but not *through* it.

On descending from this quaint little spot I found myself in the fragrant garden at the rear of the hotel, where I had a long chat with the proprietor. He told me that the waters of Chaudfontaine were known as far back as the thirteenth century, though they subse-

him with their company he would furnish his hotel with English newspapers, and everything else that they regard as necessities of life—including soap!

On the opposite side of the river there is another dense and beautiful wood called the Bois de la Rochette, whose dim recesses and green arcades afford a delightful ramble. Moreover, they lead you to the very interesting old Château de la Rochette (formerly a State prison), which, from its position on the summit of a steep, ivy-clad escarpment, forms a most prominent

feature in the landscape, and gives it an emphasis and a dignity that it might otherwise have lacked. For, after all, it is from human association that Nature derives her subtlest charm. And I have often noticed that in any scene, however fair it may be, which has received no inspiration from historic memories, and no halo from tale or legend, a certain want is always felt.

The next place to be visited at Chaudfontaine is the Elysian Fields—a fairy spot which struck me as being like a pleasant story woven out of the simplest words, which, though it may touch none of the deeper chords of feeling, can yet both awaken and sustain interest. For the materials of the picture were all familiar—a crystal stream, embowering foliage, patches of emerald sward enamelled with wild-flowers, and sheltering hills. But they all “composed” so well, the trees were so happily grouped, the anthem of the waters was so clear and sweet, and there was such a spell in the enchanted silence, that somehow I felt as if I must have wandered into Fairyland by mis-

take, and was glad to think that even for a few minutes I had been in Elysium.

One of the pleasantest excursions to be made from Chaudfontaine is to the pretty little village of Tilff, with its ancient castle and church (said to contain a bit of the true Cross), and its extensive stalactite cavern; and thence on to Esneux, which is one of the beauty-spots of the region, and replete with archaic as well as scenic interest. It certainly is a most fantastic-looking spot, part of the town being built upon a rock on the margin of the River Ourthe, and the remainder of it running playfully up the hillside, as though it were in a sportive mood, and wanted to get away from the other portions. Thus, as there are gardens and orchards everywhere, the inhabitants can either live on the hill or in the valley, as their fancy dictates; and from every point there is something interesting to see. For the lofty rock, with its wreath of houses, is most imposing, and looks as if it were proud of its architectural crown; and, while the surrounding neighbourhood abounds in old castles (all more or less



picturesque), just at that particular part the Ourthe is so very sinuous that it carries the eye most pleasantly onwards by means of its elliptical curves, and the grace and beauty of their development.

Coo, which is a little further afield, must have a word of mention also. For though it is a place which the ordinary tourist passes by on the other side, and which has no allurements for the pleasure-seeker, it is, nevertheless, a most dainty spot, and so romantically situated

Another place which claims attention is Anthisne, an extraordinary little village to which I went by Comblain au Pont. It is one of the oldest and most noteworthy places in the region, and tradition identifies it with the ancient Gallic town of Antinaque. In any case, the medals and coins, and many other traces of Roman civilisation which have been found there, plainly indicate that there was once a Roman settlement on the plateau which slopes downwards towards the Ourthe Valley ; indeed, the



COO

that it looks as if it had been expressly evolved for those who are in search of the picturesque. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that no charm is wanting. For it has a beautiful double cascade, which is the heart and soul of the scene ; and with its small white houses, which gleam like alabaster in the sunshine, its pretty cottage gardens, its flowers, its forest, and its girdle of hills, it offers so many attractions to the artist and the lover of scenery that it only wants a poet to sing praises and make it known.

evidence is conclusive. And even still, the little townlet has such an old-world aspect—such an air of ancient history about it—that Time seems to have passed over it with folded wing, and left it so like what it must have been in the beginning, that, as you wander through the neighbourhood, it seems to you a sort of anachronism to see modern men and women moving about, and nineteenth-century manners and customs prevailing in such a primitive little spot.

But that is one of the great charms

of travelling through this district. Wherever you go you find that the spell of historic interest is united to that of fine scenery, and that the soil is a veritable mausoleum, both of recorded and unrecorded ages. For, while the Romans have left their temples and their tombs here, and abundant relics have been found of still earlier dominant races also, the whole face of the country is sprinkled over with ruined fanes and crumbling castles—those broken letters whereby we learn to trace the story of the past.

The next excursion to be made is to La Gileppe (via Verviers), a deep ravine full of dark, wild beauty which is quite exciting, and where the silence is so profound that no echo from the great restless world lying beyond ever reaches it. The Lac de la Gileppe, however, is so bright and sparkling that it looks just like a Swiss lake which had found its way by accident into the sombre solitudes of a Belgic forest, and, when taken in conjunction with its environment, it really forms a charming picture. In short, it would be difficult to imagine a fairer one. For the water flashes and glitters with the brilliancy of a gem, and the banks being sculptured into mimic promontories, some exquisite little creeks and bays are the result. Besides, the bold outlines and peaks of the surrounding hills look most impressive as they cleave the silent, motionless air; and away to the horizon stretches the beautiful, mysterious forest of Hertzenwald, which is partly in Belgium and partly in Prussia.

Another most attractive spot is Hockai—a delightful little village which I would strongly advise all travellers in this region to visit, and which nestles

amid its sheltering yoke-elms with a confiding air as though it felt certain of their protective powers. It affords a pleasant walk, too, along the skirts of the Gossonfat Wood, and over the pretty bridge which here spans the River Hoëgne. The latter is a tranquil, placid stream which in this part makes but little noise in the world. Nevertheless, it is very enjoyable to listen to its soft murmur, and also to follow its course through the deep defile in which it subsequently buries itself. This defile, like that of La Gileppe, is remarkably isolated and lonely. But then it is a sunlit solitude—a voiced loneliness—for in one part the rocks which enclose it assume the form of a rude stone staircase, over which the water falls in a succession of sparkling cascades, dispersing in its descent into clusters of gleaming pearls and glistening diamonds, and emitting the most exquisite prismatic hues as it takes its final plunge into the foaming gulf beneath. Besides, it breaks the silence most pleasantly. For the deeper note of the torrent mingling with the soft ripple of the river forms a symphony which is full of music, and makes this fairy glen charming to both ear and eye.

Thus, while touring through the surroundings of Chaudfontaine, the scenery alternates so pleasantly between imposing grandeur and sylvan beauty that the interest of the traveller, whatever his individual tastes may be, is constantly stimulated, and he feels glad that he has discovered the region. Besides, the journey thither is both smooth and short; in twelve hours you can get from Harwich to Antwerp, and in eight more from that, via Liège, to Chaudfontaine.



THE BAND

Under Canvas with the Cadets

BY ARTHUR J. IRELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE cadet corps about which I am writing are those raised in the public schools, from amongst the boys, and under the command of an officer, who bears honorary rank, appointed from amongst the masters. It is necessary to clearly understand the difference that exists between the cadet corps and the cadet battalions, for they are completely separate organisations, appealing to boys in quite different social spheres. The corps are raised from the public schools and the large private schools, and are, therefore, composed of boys who, if they proceed with their military career, will become the officers of the future; while the battalions are raised from schools of the Board School order, and are, therefore, composed of the material that will one day fill the ranks of the British Army.

I have drawn this distinction at the outset, because, in speaking of a number

of corps—such as those which go to make up a camp—massed together, one is compelled to use the word battalion; and so to avoid all possible confusion when referring to the cadet corps as a body I shall speak of them as the Public School Battalion. By that designation, therefore, I shall embrace the representatives of the various schools which have been in camp at Aldershot during the August Encampment of 1899.

The general public has so little opportunity of learning anything about the cadet corps movement or its objects, that I think I may be permitted to briefly relate its history before dealing with the proceedings in camp—and I imagine that a large percentage of those who read this will be as surprised as I was when they hear how widely the scheme has been supported, and the numerical strength of many of the corps.

For some considerable time—it is im-

possible to give dates—before the actual enrolment of the cadet corps as an acknowledged section of the auxiliary forces, some of the leading schools had adopted the plan of musket drill, both as a physical training and as a punishment; and when the idea of forming the boys into properly organised companies on a military basis was mooted, these schools quickly came forward to form the nucleus of the newly-added volunteer force. Since that time the number of corps has steadily increased, slowly at first, but more rapidly of late years, until it is now a strong supplement to the volunteer army. Harrow has the oldest existing corps—I do not know whether it was the first enrolled, but I do know that several others which claim to be the oldest were not formed until two or three years later. The Harrow corps was raised in 1859; it is thus forty years old, and its present strength is as follows: 10 officers, 13 non-commissioned officers, and 230 rank and file. The corps is attached to the IX. Volunteer Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment, and is under the command of Captain E. H. Kempson. Eton is on a slightly different footing to the other schools; it possesses a full battalion, attached to the Oxford Light Infantry, of which regiment the school contingent is the IV. Volunteer Battalion, constituted as follows: 15 officers, 54 non-commissioned officers, 337 rank and file; under the command of Major C. Lowry.

The other schools at which there are large corps are, with the date of formation: Bedford (1886), Dulwich (1878), Haileybury (1887), Marlborough (1860), Rugby (uncertain), Uppingham (1889), and Winchester (1868). In addition to these there are a large number of schools which have very efficient though smaller corps—bringing the total number of cadet corps up to fifty. This number is small when compared with the number of schools in England; and it could easily be doubled if the War Office authorities offered ever so little encouragement to the many schools that are anxious to be enrolled. As to the objects of the corps: I think it must be apparent to all that the military training and discipline received by the boys,

at an age when the mind is most receptive, will be invaluable to the young soldiers in after life, whether they are destined for the services or not. It teaches them "how and where to put their feet," to quote a popular song, and, in short, it makes men of them. For the future "soldiers of the Queen" the experience is, of course, of incalculable value; and the opinions of our leading officers bear out this statement. Among the distinguished advocates of the cadet movements, both as regards corps and battalions, are:—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught; Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief, and Lord Roberts of Kandahar, V.C.; Generals Sir H. Evelyn Wood, V.C., and Sir George White, V.C., and a host of others whose experience entitles them to speak with authority. They are unanimous in expressing their approval of the cadet corps and battalion system, so that we may safely assume that the effect of the training of the boys has already been felt in the regular army, and that it has proved beneficial to all concerned. The substance of their opinion is that the men who have received a sound training while at school act as a most wholesome leaven in raising the standard of the efficiency of the regiment which they enter, whether they are destined to serve as officers or in the ranks. To the boys who will be officers their words most apply, so I shall quote the substance of a few remarks made to me at the recent Aldershot Camp of the cadet corps. An officer of many years' service, who has now retired, watched the schoolboys at their work most interestedly, and happening to get into conversation with him, I gleaned the following particulars: That he had served through the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, and had seen active service elsewhere as well. "I think," he said, "that these youngsters are the most promising sight I have seen for many a day. They will be the making of the Army—for look at them, they are competent to criticise the minutest detail, from the cleaning of a button to a battalion march past. It is a proud thing for England to turn out men of that stamp to lead her troops."

I readily endorse this opinion, and I must own that although I was to a certain extent prepared to see a soldierly camp, I little expected to find such splendid testimony to the work that cadet corps are doing among the boys of to-day.

There were representatives from twenty schools, together with a corps which is attached to the London Rifle Brigade, composed of boys from four of the London schools, namely—City of London, King's College, Merchant Taylor's and University College, encamped at the foot of Cove Hill, North Camp, Aldershot, this year. The camp opened on Tuesday, August 1st, and closed on Tuesday, August 8th, and during the week the boys were subject to the strictest military discipline. Each school's contingent formed a company, and the twenty-one companies were divided into half-battalions, the whole under the command of Major Charles Warren Napier-Clavering, of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, as Brigadier. The following schools sent detachments to the camp this year: Berkhamsted, Bradfield, Clifton, Dulwich, Eastbourne, Epsom, Felsted, Forest, Haileybury, Highgate, Hurstpierpoint, Marlborough, Rossall, Rugby, St. Paul's, Tonbridge, Uppingham, Warwick, Wellington, and Weymouth—I am only sorry that there were not more.

It was a very imposing spectacle to see all the boys drawn up in line or in quarter-column, ready for battalion drill or for a field-day. They made a brave show in their various uniforms—scarlet, green, drab, gray, and black, as they marched out of camp, nearly a thousand strong, to the parade ground.

The camp was pitched in the grounds of Government House, where General the Right Honourable Sir Redvers Henry Buller, V.C., is now in command. The establishment was strictly military; and, in every particular, the boys dropped into the service habits—even to strolling about in breeches, vest, and forage-cap in the most orthodox way. In fact the whole camp was so realistic in all the details of its life, that one paused to inquire whether there had been any mistake, or whether one had come to a regular camp, by accident; it was not so, however, and I shall now try to present a picture of what met my inquiring gaze upon coming into the camp. In the centre of the outer enclosure was a large marquee, called the "recreation tent," on each side of which were the lines of the various corps, forming half-battalions, right and left, according to the situation of the lines. Immediately on the right, as I entered from the road, was the ration store, next to it was the canteen, and beyond that, again, were the tents of



MAKING A TOILET UNDER DIFFICULTIES

the sergeant-instructors. On the left of the entrance were the kitchens, that is to say, the stoves, on which the rations were prepared, from which odours of roast beef rose into the air. And, most important, immediately facing the entrance, was the orderly tent, where the guard was stationed.

The officers' quarters were separated from the men's by a wall which divided the enclosure into two distinct compounds. In the inner enclosure, besides the officers' tents, there were the ambulance tent, mess-room, ante-room, and the lines of the officers' servants. Naturally the officers had luxuries unknown outside the barrier. They had basins and baths outside their respective tents, while the rank and file had to tub in a "washhouse" at the extreme end of the lines, and across a road. They also had carpets in their tents and beds to sleep upon, all of which comforts made the boys realise how good it is to hold a commission. One little fellow who came through the officers' lines with me cast a wistful glance at the luxurious interior of one of the tents, and exclaimed, "Fancy; chairs, carpets, and beds! No wonder the officers like camp." Then with the truly philosophical spirit of the British soldier, he bowed to the inevitable and went back to his own lines to dress for parade.

An inspection of the boys' lines is really edifying. I went round with the commanding officer of the Eastbourne Corps, in the wake of the orderly officer of the day—who, accompanied by the orderly corporal, makes his round to hear any complaints that may be made, and to see that all is well. And I was greatly struck by the businesslike manner in which everything was done.

"The orderly officer comes his round to hear whether any one wants to grumble about the accommodation or the food," said my guide. "And the only thing that he ever hears is that more victuals are wanted—a good sign, and a fault easily rectified."

Captain Tuckett, my guide, confirmed the observations I had made, by telling me how thoroughly in earnest the boys were.

"If they were regulars," he said,

"they could not work better, or show to greater advantage on parade."

The signs of efficiency apparent on all sides were highly satisfactory testimony to the excellent preparation that goes steadily forward throughout the year; for unless a good foundation had been laid by the company and section drills at the various schools, the chaos produced when a large body of troops were paraded together would be too painful for words. But the result proves satisfactorily that school cadet corps are not the playthings many people seem to imagine.

Having now given a general description of the conditions under which the boys live in camp, I shall proceed to detail the duties which fill the day, leaving little time for idleness or getting into mischief.

Réveillé sounds at 5.30 a.m. on ordinary days, and sharp to the sound of the bugle the boys turn out and hurry to the washhouse. When they are dressed a cup of coffee and a biscuit are served to each man, and the day's work begins. There may be an early parade, an inspection, or a field-day—and in the latter case *réveillé* sounds considerably earlier. After the corps return from parade they have breakfast, which consists of coffee, bread and butter, and bacon and eggs—with, if they like to provide it for themselves, such dainties as jam, marmalade, or potted meat. Then follows the tidying of the lines, for the orderly officer's inspection. Bedding is rolled up, accoutrements are cleaned, and the kit is piled in neat lines before the tents, forming a kind of low rampart, crowned by helmets, which look like miniature turrets on a very diminutive castellated wall, and the camp assumes an appearance of life that is exhilarating to see.

After breakfast there is more drill, sometimes in companies, sometimes in sections, and sometimes in battalion, which, with the camp duties, pretty well fills up the time until one o'clock, when the welcome dinner-call rings out from the orderly tent. Dinner consists of roast beef and pudding, with ginger-beer to wash it down: and you may rest assured that the tent orderlies, whose duty it is to draw rations for their

comrades, are kept busy. During the heat of the afternoon there is not much work done, but after tea, which is served at five o'clock, drill begins again. And with little intermission the corps are kept busy until "Lights out" sounds at about ten o'clock.

This is briefly the routine of the day ; but there are many variations, according to the programme. Thus, for example, on the Friday morning *réveillé* sounded at a quarter to four, and a long field-day ensued. The corps marched to the Fox Hills, where they manoeuvred for some hours. The fact that only seven men fell out during the march speaks well for the condition of the young soldiers. And when I tell you that from about five in the morning until one in the afternoon the public school battalion was on the march, with only the regulation coffee and biscuit to work on, and that the flanking companies marched upwards of twenty miles, I think you will endorse the opinion I hold as regards the excellence of the training.

The boys were thoroughly delighted with the day ; though not a few drained and re-drained their water-bottles until not a drop of moisture could have been left. And when at last they reached Cove Hill again, there was a regular storming of the canteen directly they were dismissed.

Then on Saturday evening the battalion marched out for a night attack. This was very exciting, for the pickets were on guard from about seven o'clock



AFTER THE FIGHT

until nine before the enemy made their appearance. By this time it was quite dark, and flashes of lightning illuminated the whole plain, only to intensify the darkness when they vanished. Soon after nine shots began, and in a few minutes volleys were being discharged on all sides.

I had a good deal of fun during the assault, for I very nearly paid the penalty of my spying on several occasions.



"Stand, who goes there?" I heard, as the patrol perceived me by the momentary flash of the lightning.

"Friend," was my orthodox reply.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," came from the darkness. Sometimes I dallied, and then the sound of a rifle brought sharply to the charge, and a stern voice crying, "Advance, and give the countersign, or I fire," brought me to my senses, and showed me the danger which threatened me. With trembling steps I obeyed the last summons, and before I knew where I was, the muzzle of a rifle was at my chest, and my features were scrutinised closely, as I heard the formal: "Pass, friend, and all's well."

Camp was reached about half-past ten in a drizzling rain, and the boys turned in smartly, without a thought of the toils they had endured.

This is of necessity only an epitome

of what took place during the Aldershot week in camp, but it will serve to show how our public school boys are taught the lessons of war, that would enable them to fulfil their duties, if ever the stern need of service arose, in a way that would help England to hold up her head as proudly as ever. May the need never come; but in the meantime the training, from a physical standpoint, ought to be encouraged. I hope, therefore, that the cadet movement will receive the support of the military authorities, and that the number of corps will not long remain at fifty. And I can only conclude by saying that those who wish to see young England at its best should make a point of visiting the next camp at Aldershot; when, I am sure, they will be as much edified and pleased as I have been on this occasion.



THE TABLES TURNED.



WRITTEN BY P. GLYNN

ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTEITH DODSHON

I.



WAS just getting into the smoking compartment of a train about to leave Victoria Station, when I heard a familiar voice calling:

"Hello, Steenie, old chap! How are you?"

I turned and looked at the speaker. The next instant I was shaking hands with an old schoolfellow, whom I had not seen for some time. Finding out we were bound for the same destination, we jumped into the carriage, and immediately plunged into the past escapades and adventures of our school days.

"I am afraid our adventures are all over with our school days," I remarked, somewhat sadly, when Williams—for that was his name—had recalled a particularly thrilling episode of our boyhood. "As soon as a boy leaves school, he is shoved into an office, where the romance is all knocked out of him, and he settles down to a monotonous business life."

Williams laughed.

"Not at all, my dear fellow; you can have as many adventures as you like, if you only look for them."

"You may think so," I responded,

gloomily; "the trouble is to find them."

"Cheer up, Steenie; you needn't look so glum," said Williams. "I have a little adventure in hand at present, which might relieve the monotony of your existence."

"What is it?" I asked.

"An old uncle of mine, in whose office I am, owns a house near Sarsville, where we are now going. This house became vacant several months ago, and shortly after was rumoured to be haunted; and, on account of this, nobody will inhabit it. The strangest part of the affair is that no one can give any explanation of its reputation. My uncle, of course, does not want to have the house lying empty on his hands, and has asked me to find out the cause of its unholy reputation."

"Oh, it is very likely tramps who have been the cause of that, as they always make use of an empty house to sleep in, instead of paying for their lodging elsewhere. To imagine that it is haunted by the time-honoured ghost is altogether ridiculous. However, I will give you what help I can in fathoming the mystery."

"Thanks, Steenie," said Williams, warmly. "Of course, I quite believe

that some persons have given out that the house is haunted, for purposes of their own; and what those purposes are, we must find out."

We had now arrived at Sarsville, and, driving to the hotel, we deposited our luggage, and went into the dining-room and ordered dinner. The topic of the haunted house being foremost in our minds, and wishing to get some definite information about it, we decided to ask the waiter if he could tell us anything. Our questions elicited the fact that the waiter could tell us something about it, at the same time shaking his head sagely.

"How was the rumour first started," asked Williams.

"I dunno, sir," replied the waiter, flicking the flies off an adjoining table with his napkin, "but I heard that it has been haunted for the last three months or more, and that strange noises are heard at midnight coming from the house, and people have seen lights in the house, although there is no one there to light them."

"Evidently the ghost knows how to make himself comfortable," Williams said laughing, "but I am afraid he will have to look out for other quarters before long."

"Has anyone seen the ghost yet?" I asked with a smile.

"Not that I know of, sir," replied the waiter grinning, "but I know a man who has felt it."

"Felt the ghost! What do you mean?" I asked wonderingly.

"Well, it's this way, sir. A man I know boasted one day that he would go to the house and lay the ghost. I, with several others, offered to bet that he wouldn't. He accepted the bet, and one night we started off to the haunted house. We left him at the roadway, and he went on to the house by himself. In about a quarter of an hour, he came running back, looking horribly frightened, while his eye was black and his head was bruised. He told us that he had gone up to the front door of the house, which he tried to force, when suddenly the door opened of itself, and he received a blow in the eye which knocked him down the steps, although he did not see who struck him."

This story drew roars of laughter from Williams and myself, which was joined in by the waiter.

"This ghost seems to be a pugilist," said Williams, holding his sides, "but we will see how he uses his fists when we tackle him."

We dismissed the waiter, and turned our attention to the dinner which was now beginning to get cold, and when we had finished, Williams turned to me saying:

"I think, Steenie, we had better go and have a look at the house now, take stock of its surroundings, and have a peep through all the rooms. If there is nothing suspicious, we will go back again at midnight, and watch the house."

"Oh, I'm game," I replied, for my curiosity was strongly roused by the waiter's story.

We therefore set off on our journey. Half-an-hour's walk brought us to the place, and we soon caught a glimpse of the house from the roadway, and going up the disused path, we walked round the house, noting every nook and cranny. The house was old and beginning to show signs of dilapidation, which was more the result of its tenantless condition than of time. Williams, who possessed a key, opened the hall door; we went through all the rooms and finally descended to the kitchen. A table and several chairs formed the only furniture of the room. Why there should be any furniture in the house at all puzzled us, or, rather, Williams.

"I wonder how these things came to be here," he said.

"Perhaps they were left by the last tenant," I suggested.

"No, they were not. My uncle said that there was absolutely nothing in the house; besides, it is unlikely that the last person in possession would leave anything behind. I think that someone has been using these chairs lately," he added reflectively.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"By a very simple method," Williams replied, going over to the kitchen range. "You see what I am doing."

"Yes, you are tracing your name with your finger in the dust."

"Can you do that with the table or

chairs, or even see any dust at all on them?" Williams interrogated.

"No, I cannot," I replied, scrutinising those articles of furniture.

"If they were not used they would be as dusty as any other part of the room. However, we can do nothing till this evening, so we had better be off."

II.

Darkness had set in, and buttoning our overcoats, for the night was cold, we left the hotel, taking with us our sticks in case of need.

We soon left the town and emerged into the country, and shortly after arrived at the point of the road near the house, and walked silently up the pathway we had traversed during the day. To our astonishment we perceived a light struggling through the crevices between the window shutters.

"We have the beggars at last," muttered Williams, grasping his stick tightly. He crept to the door, and drawing out the key, inserted it in the lock and opened the door. "Come on, Steenie," he continued softly, "we'll soon pitch the rascals out on their heads."

"Wait," I replied, "don't be in such a hurry." Williams was about to rush downstairs when I laid a detaining hand on his shoulder. "Let us go down quietly and see who they are."

Acting on my suggestion, Williams proceeded quietly, I following. We crept through the hall, down the stairs, and finally came to the kitchen door which was slightly ajar, and peeping in, we saw, instead of tramps, half-a-dozen well-dressed men of various nationalities, most of them being either Spanish or Italians, seated round the table in various positions, one or two of them, with their elbows resting on the table and brows contracted, were evidently ruminating. The majority, however, were listening attentively to the words which were being addressed to them by a powerful, dark-featured man, who sat at the head of the table, and who spoke in a low, but excited tone of voice, now and then emphasising his words by a gesture of his hand, while two round objects, which

looked suspiciously like bombs, were also lying on the table.

"Anarchists, by Jove!" whispered Williams to me.

We rubbed our eyes in astonishment, but could come to no other conclusion. What were we to do?

Williams suddenly answered the unspoken question. His curiosity had overruled his cautiousness. By gradually pushing open the door, to allow of his seeing more of the inside of the room, he had drawn the attention of the speaker, who stopping in his address, suddenly called out "Come here!" in a loud tone, which so startled the crouching Williams, that he stumbled forward into the room, pushing back the door with a bang, and revealing to our astonished gaze the muzzles of five or six revolvers covering the recumbent Williams and myself.

Our position was ridiculous as well as dangerous, the speaker regarded us quietly for some moments, while the rest scowled over their revolvers at us, while the word "spies" was mingled with imprecations.

Williams was the first to recover his self-possession.

"Gentlemen," he said coolly, "I don't understand why you are so ready with your revolvers, this gentleman and myself are both unarmed."

"What brought you here?" asked the leader sternly, making a sign to the others to lay down their firearms, which they put on the table immediately in front of them.

"Curiosity," replied Williams.

The speaker smiled slightly, but resuming a fierce aspect, he continued sarcastically:

"And what was the object of your curiosity?"

"Ghosts," replied Williams, gradually edging nearer to the table, "I thought the house was haunted, and find that it is."

"By whom?" asked the leader cunningly.

"Anarchists," responded Williams, laconically, and stretching out his hands he seized one of the bombs from the table, and held it uplifted in his hands.

To say that my heart almost went into



"THE FIRST MAN I SEE TAKE HIS REVOLVER, DOWN GOES THE BOMB"

my mouth, is putting it weakly, while a cry of terror broke from the gang, and the leader roared, "Stop, you fool, that's a bomb."

"I know it is," replied Williams, "and the first man I see take his revolver, down goes the bomb."

A light broke in on me concerning Williams's eccentric behaviour, and I became courageous. Taking advantage of the general consternation, I snatched the other bomb from the table, and held it up.

"That's right, Steenie," said Williams, with a quiet laugh. We had turned the tables on the anarchists with a vengeance; afraid to move, they could only glare at us in mingled terror and dismay; they seemed not to have the slightest doubt that we would throw the bombs, if they attempted to move, which intention was very far from our minds, as we knew that as long as we

had possession of them we were perfectly safe from the malevolence of the cowardly gang.

The leader was the first to recover his equanimity.

"We must confess ourselves beaten. You hold the bombs, consequently our lives; besides, you have now destroyed our plans for the future. What do you want us to do?"

"The first thing you must do, is to place your revolver in this corner of the room," which Williams indicated, "and tell the others to do the same."

The leader walked over to the corner, threw down his revolver, and resumed his seat. One by one the anarchists got up, added their weapons to the pile and sat down again.

"Thank you," said Williams sarcastically, contemplating the baffled anarchists. "I must now say goodbye, but I caution you that the first person I

see leaving his seat, I will pitch the bomb into the midst of you."

We then backed slowly out of the room, the bombs still uplifted, and our eyes fixed on the anarchists, reaching the stairs, we dashed up them, and slamming the door, we tucked the bombs under our arms, and ran as quickly as our dangerous burden would allow us in the direction of the town.

We told our adventure to the police,

giving them the bombs for proof of our story. A raid was made on the house in the early morning, but the gang had decamped, leaving no trace behind them, as their revolvers had also been taken away with them. But we had our adventure, and, coupled with the knowledge that we had spoiled the plans of one anarchist gang, we went back to business in good spirits.



Trick Liquor Receptacles

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT



PEOPLE like to be deceived. Of that there cannot possibly remain the slightest doubt, when it is remembered that our public conjurors always receive popular support of a substantial kind. We not only tolerate the deceptions genially, but we are also often anxious to know "how it is done." But on that delicate point our foremost tricksters are mute, as a rule. This is not to be wondered at when consideration is taken of the exceptional talent necessary to invent something interesting of the sort. With private conjurors, however, whose sphere of influence is generally limited to a few friends and acquaintances, the case is different. I have found them so proud of their apparatus, usually of their own invention, that when it is suggested that publicity shall be given to some of the cherished devices, they lend willing aid. In this short article all the material does not come strictly under the head of *conjuring apparatus*; but my above title, I think, embraces them all.

I go so far as to assert that if the reader were introduced to the actual object from which I made the drawing of the trick barrel, and if he saw it manipulated by a dexterous person, he would acknowledge that it was deserving of the title "mysterious." Two entirely different liquids can be withdrawn *through the same tap*, without any apparent preparation. Of course, a *post-mortem* on a piece of conjuring apparatus is bound to deprive it of much of the mystery which attaches to the same thing when it is being shown intact, and in actual operation. But I always

like, when possible, to probe to the innermost parts of anything which I consider good enough to deal with; and it occurs to me that no merit will be eliminated from the object if it be examined minutely.

We will suppose that gin and whisky are the contents of the barrel. These two spirits are so distinctly different in colour, one from another, that no mistake concerning them could possibly occur. The tap would be turned and a small quantity of gin withdrawn. The manipulator would then lift the barrel—it is about six inches in height—from the table, turn round once, quickly; and replace the barrel in its former position. The onlookers would then be astonished at beholding whisky issue forth from the contrivance, instead of gin as previously when the tap was turned on.

In that one sharp revolution the conjuror would have released a tiny hidden spring, and then turned the *back portion* of the barrel completely over. A peep at the illustrations will assist any interested reader to form an idea of the "trickiness" of the obliging barrel. The back portion is really a box with two compartments. Each end of it represents a couple of boards at either the top or bottom of the model, where there appears to be three.

From each compartment a short pipe extends, and *both* these pipes are united with a disc which rotates (like a lid on a round box) upon a kind of drum. From this drum a single pipe proceeds, and protrudes through the barrel in the form of a tap. By so



A SMALL BARREL. THROUGH THE SAME TAP OF WHICH TWO DIFFERENT LIQUIDS MAY BE DRAWN



SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF SMALL BARREL

arranging matters as to provide that neither compartment shall be *quite* full of liquor, success with the experiment is ensured. Whether it be whisky or gin in the uppermost compartment, its contents alone run out when the tap is turned on. A clever detail prevents the top liquid from running into the lower compartment.

Naturally, in a matter of this kind success is to be ensured only in the case where the conjuror may be relied on to manipulate the barrel neatly.

A distinctly clever contrivance graces the walls of a certain Continental *café*. It is a set of eight bells, furnished with attachments which cause the melodious ringing of a peal when a sufficiently large quantity of liquor is poured into the square reservoir. The box is fitted with a wheel conforming in construc-

tion with the familiar water-wheels, and this serves as a motor when the beer which has been poured into the device trickles over it, and escapes through a tap situated in the lower portion of the invention. As the wheel revolves it rotates a set of hammers, which are affixed to an extended spindle or axle, and the pleasing effect produced is the consecutive striking of bells, the melody lasting as long as any beer remains in the quaint vessel.

In this original manner customers are often induced to order a larger quantity of beer than would really have satisfied their momentary desires, in order to hear the automatically controlled bells give forth their imitative sounds.

A device called "A trick bottle" is calculated to defy detection even when examined by an astute and

penetrative person. When nearly filled with liquor it is handed round for the entertainment of the guests, who are requested to extract therefrom some of its contents.

This is a by no means easy task. The cork may be withdrawn and the vessel inverted, yet the liquid will not emerge in response to the handler's desire.

A very little description will serve to explain the peculiarity of the device. The bottle is in reality composed of two distinct portions. The chief half consists of an upper piece containing a cork, and a hollow canister furnished with a tap fitted into a recess in such a way as not to interfere with the proper actions of the various parts. The canister is, under ordinary circumstances, entirely concealed within a mug which forms the lower half of the "bottle." For the purpose of securing access to the contents, it is only necessary to give a half-turn to its upper half, and raise it until the hitherto hidden tap can be handled.

It will be understood that the lettering and design borne upon a label, which completely encircles the bottle, is an effective safeguard against revealing the dividing line of the two portions of the invention.

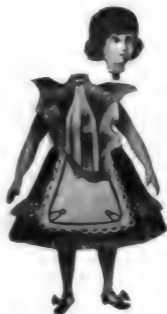
To associate deception with an innocent-looking doll would appear to be a most unwarrantable act, were it not for the fact that many dolls in tippling ladies' houses are nothing more than the secret receptacles for drink, which is imbibed "on the sly." A typical contrivance of this kind is illustrated herewith. The doll's body effectually hides a spirit flask, the cork being composed of a portion of the neck of the seemingly decapitated head as seen in the illustration. I have had to mutilate the chest of my hypocritical doll in order to explain the naive simplicity, yet evil propensity, of it.

To have a drinking vessel handed to you, filled with wine (we will say), and to be invited to drink its contents, would not be regarded as a very exciting or peculiar matter. But if, after you had drunk the liquor therefrom and had returned the article as empty, it were immediately given back to you again full, yet to your certain knowledge

without having been refilled from any other vessel, you would assuredly be astonished. I could give you a photograph of an ivory and glass contrivance which, in skilful hands, can be made to produce such a result; but as the picture would only give an exterior view of it, and would therefore explain nothing, I prefer to omit sketches, and confine myself to merely verbal description.

The stem is constructed of ivory and metal, and is surmounted by a cone of glass. Upon receiving back the emptied receptacle, the performer asks you to momentarily cover it with your handkerchief, or something similar. You do this, and are greatly surprised to observe, when you take away the fabric, that the glass again contains liquor. Of course, you are aware that you have been tricked; but you enquire—How? Well, the solution of the matter is extremely simple, thus conforming to the secrets of most tricks, whether intensely mystifying, or merely playfully surprising.

The stem of the invention is hollow, and receives a quantity of wine simultaneously with the filling of the glass portion. That within the stem is held in its allotted place by means of a stained cork which serves as a bottom to the



A DECEPTIVE DOLL

glass cone, and is connected by a metal rod with another cork occupying a position within the stem near its lower end, thus being seen as the centre of the circular foot when the article is inverted.

Upon the supposedly empty contrivance being returned to the performer, he slips the end of a short rod (previously "palmed") into the hollow of the circular foot, and while the onlooker is engaged covering it with the handkerchief, the performer presses the article steadily and firmly into (and really *over*) the rod, which eventually fills the hollow stem, and in doing so forces out the interior corks and the wine. It requires a great degree of dexterity, of course, to do this, and to remove the pushed-out connected corks unseen, and without spilling any of the liquor.

It may be mentioned that a collar around the stem, at the bottom of the glass cone, is so constructed that when adjusted in a certain manner (which need not be minutely explained) it effectually prevents either the corks, or the subsequently substituted rod in the stem, from being discovered during an examination by the onlookers.

A really unique square tea-pot is also inserted among this short set of artful contrivances. When it has been filled with tea an uninitiated person experiences tantalisation from the fact that he cannot pour the beverage out of the receptacle by the usual channel—the spout—which in this case is repre-

sented by a portion of a snake, the remainder of which encircles the pot and terminates in a coil forming a very convenient and novel handle. The puzzled onlooker naturally associates this snake as being in some way responsible for the blockage. They may even suggest that the snake is a dummy spout; but the surmise would be quite wrong.

When the lid is raised in the usual manner, no tea can be withdrawn through the spout. To accomplish that result it is necessary to lift the lid, in addition to the rim, in the *opposite direction*.

The combined lid and rim are securely attached to an interior, and false, side of the pot, furnished with a strainer in order to obviate detection. Immediately behind the strainer is a cork, and this cork fits into the hidden end of the spout. It will now be understood that when only the lid is lifted, the cork still continues to block the spout; but that when the lid and rim are raised, in the other direction, the cork is removed and a free passage ensured for the tea.

As it requires a slight effort to thus force out the cork, there does not exist much chance of the secret of construction being prematurely divulged. The rim fits tightly into the neck of the tea-pot.

The reversal of the lid usually escapes observation in actual practice, unless the onlookers are sharp.





ARMENIAN GHÂT, CALCUTTA

"Homeward Bound"

WRITTEN BY GERTRUDE BACON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE steamer lies off the Armenian Ghât in the Hugli, and around her are wedged, jammed, and massed together such a marvellous and hopeless tangle of native craft, crazy, cranky boats, of a design and date apparently coeval with Noah's Ark, manned by yelling, screaming boatmen, that it seems impossible that we should ever reach her unless it were by scrambling and jumping over the floating barricade itself. The time is eleven o'clock at night, the river very badly lit, and many yards of thickest mud separate the landing-steps from the black, lapping water. Calcutta boatmen do not bear the best of characters; the Hugli's current is swift and strong; an angry shove, a false step in the dark, and another corpse

might be floating down to Garden Reach, as the one that Mr. Kipling sings about. But "one who knows" is with us, the impossible is achieved, and presently we find ourselves clambering up the steep gangway of what is to be our floating home for the next five weeks.

All that night, through the hot, steamy, damp-flannel atmosphere, comes the ceaseless creaking and groaning of the cranes, the heavy bumps of the crates and boxes rattling down into the hold, the uncouth native cries, and, worst of all, the shrill trumpet of the blatant, vicious mosquitoes, as they float in by swarms at the open port-hole. As morning breaks the anchor is weighed, and slowly we steam down past the yet sleeping "City of Palaces," to a quiet and picturesque landing-place, where the rest of the passengers come on board.

A tender brings them off. Not a very gay party, perhaps. Shattered constitutions, ill-health and suffering are clear to see on the faces of many; some walk with difficulty, one at least has to be carried on to the ship. There are wan, listless babies, drooping heavy-headed on the shoulders of impassive ayahs, holding them tight, too tight, in their dusky arms; white-faced, peevish children, with long-suffering governesses; languid, imperious officers' wives, pampered and patronising; tea-planters and Civil-servants, with hollow cheeks and guinea-gold complexions; sun-dried and shrivelled majors and colonels, returning for a few months' furlough to the wives they have not seen for half-a-dozen years, and the children to whom they are as strangers. The Irish doctor, whom a fearful attack of typhoid has reduced from the hearty, jovial physician to the feeble, emaciated invalid; the pale girl, with thin cheeks small-pox scarred; the fever-worn, wasted railway engineer, creeping with faltering steps, in whose drawn and haggard face even his mother would scarce recognise the merry boy who left her side five years ago. A sorry crew, indeed, but not nearly so low in spirits as their bodily condition seems to warrant. The flesh is weak indeed; but the heart is light. They are leaving the land of bondage behind; they are bound for home, friends and relations, health and strength.

Not that all are, perhaps, so eager for return. The tearful wife, clinging so piteously round her husband's neck in their farewell embrace, would sacrifice everything, except her children, to stay with him and share his lot. The party of excursionists, with ostentatious pith helmets and white umbrellas, whose Brummagem-made curios cram their swelling portmanteaux, and whose inquisitive cameras are ever on the snap, would like to spend a while longer in the country of which their six weeks' acquaintance has only made them anxious to learn more. But, willing or unwilling, the berths are taken, the tender paddles back to the shore, the heavy anchor comes up from the mud, the engines start, and the big

steamer stands down the river for the open sea.

But, before the Bay of Bengal can be sighted, there are many miles of yellow Hugli to be slowly traversed. Very treacherous is that muddy current, and its shifting, hidden sand-banks are veritable grave-yards, where many a noble ship and many a brave heart are sleeping beneath the stream. The passengers do not notice, but at one spot the engines work at full speed, and every officer and sailor stands silently to his post. This is where the dread "James and Mary" shoals, the most dangerous of all, almost bar the entire channel. At intervals along the way rise pitifully from the turbid flood the bare masts of some wrecked and sunken vessel. One of these we pass quite close, and the passengers point it out with mournful interest to each other, and sigh "Poor fellows!" over its awful tragedy. For this is all that remains of the good ship "Albion," and within it are yet the bones of the unhappy engineers, who were imprisoned down below when the ship sank, but managed to thrust their heads through her port-holes, as she lay broadside up, only however to lengthen their agonies, for the holes were too small to admit their bodies, and the cruel tide rose and drowned them in the sight of their agonised friends, so powerless to aid them.

We are glad to be out in the open sea at last, and see our pilot rowed away to the lonely ship that is moored at the mouth of the river. Now the voyage begins in earnest, and we settle down regularly to ship routine. We are sailing south, and every day the sun is higher in the heavens, and the Southern Cross rides high in the breathless, tropic night, when the stars blaze as living fire in the velvet sky, and the oily water, slipping so quick beneath the bows, is as a sheet of flame. Hotter it grows, and hotter. The sun seems almost to pierce the heavy double awnings; the officers perspire freely in white trousers and China silk jackets; in the saloon, Yussuf, the little punkah-boy, pulls manfully at his cord, and the flapping screen catches the steward on the nose, as he hands iced fruits and drinks to clamouring diners. The limp passengers

dawdle over novels, or sleep happily with open mouths and sprawling limbs. Only the children are active and energetic as ever, and engage in rampant games of "touch last" all over the deck, that make one hot even to contemplate.

Thus pass several peaceful days, until on the sixth morning we see in the distance a dim outline and a clump of palms. The tourists gather forward, and try to catch the "spicy breezes blowing soft o'er Ceylon's isle," but

turtle, and explore the country. Truly "every prospect pleases," and most truly "man is vile," for a thief slips on board in the dusk, rifles half-a-dozen cabins, and escapes undetected.

But the anchor is weighed at last, and now for nine days the good ship pounds along without sight of land, while—

The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles,

So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue.

There aren't a wave for miles an' miles,

Excep' the jiggle from the screw.

This is the pleasantest part of the whole voyage. The heat has somewhat abated, the passengers have thawed their icy reserve, the invalids are perking up wonderfully, the children's cheeks are plumping out and growing rosy, like so many ripening apples, the dyspeptics are eating meals that astonish themselves and their relations. We feel as if we had lived on the ship, and known each other for years. Each happy day is exactly like that last. We rise early, and promenade the ship in dressing-gowns and pyjamas in quest of baths; but then, of course, we are properly invisible, and, though we rub shoulders in the passages, we do not see each other. Morning salutations are first exchanged when we meet on deck, where the boards are still wet from washing, and the barefooted Lascars delight in running little streams of water from their hose upon your unsuspecting toes. How eagerly we watch the clock, and with what extreme punctuality we take our seats at table, and pass gaily from "chips and chops" to fried liver and bacon, and then to poached eggs and

pancakes, and jam and toast, in a way that would give us indigestion even to contemplate at home; but here, in a couple of hours, we could go through it all again.

Then we repair on deck, to wait with feverish impatience round the door of the library cupboard, till the amiable doctor, whose duty it is—at present his sole one—to superintend it,



FULL STEAM AHEAD

though they sniff long and hard, it is only the dried fish stored below for the Lascars' consumption, pungent and penetrating, that greets their nostrils. Soon we are alongside the great break-water of Colombo harbour, and the little outrigger canoes, sometimes called catamarans, ply busily round the ship. We escape from the coaling that here takes place on to the land, lunch on

comes and unlocks it. We fight for our books then, and when we have secured them, read in a desultory fashion for half-an-hour. But there is a deck-quoit competition of a particularly interesting nature, provoking roars of applause, going forward; the final is more exciting than the Eton and Harrow match, and we must look on. Then a sporting gentleman accosts us, armed with note-book and pencil, and solicits a shilling for the diurnal sweepstakes on the day's run. We pay up, of course; and equally, of course, when the officer pins up the number at noon, we find we have lost by one. Then the elderly lady who seeks after information comes and buttonholes us for an hour or so, propounding an historical question; and then two ladies who are musical, but scarcely enough so, sit down together at the deck piano to play a duet they have neither of them seen before. The result drives the Major, who prides himself on his "ear," into a fury, and he comes and vents his sentiments on amateur music to us till the welcome bugle-call to lunch. After that comes an afternoon nap, or a game of draughts or dominoes, and then the children proclaim a marriage feast, and, with much noise and ceremony, unite in the bonds of holy matrimony a sailor-boy doll, with one arm, to a much-bedecked wax lady, six sizes larger. All the passengers (at least, all the amiable ones) must participate in this festivity by partaking of a quarter-of-an-inch square of cake, begged from the purser, and by drinking (from one tumbler) the health of the happy pair in flat lemonade. After that there is terrific excitement. "A sail!" Every soul on board must rush to the side, armed with telescope and binoculars, to gaze with immense interest at a wretched little ocean tramp, hull down to eastward, or else to greet with hearty cheers a sister liner, outward bound, while the two ships dip their flags in nautical salutation.

Dinner and dancing bring a happy, if uneventful, day to a close; or perhaps we hold that grand concert for which we have all been practising so long, and for which the deck is gaily festooned with bunting. The performance may be

somewhat mediocre; the Major goes to bed in the middle; but the heartiness of the applause atones for any other shortcomings.

On Sundays, at a quarter to eleven, the captain holds a grand parade of his whole crew; and a very imposing ceremony it is. The Lascar sailors, clad in spotless white, with red sashes and turbans, stand all drawn up in line, under command of their "serang," or headman, who wears his chain of office and a smarter garb. They present a splendid appearance; but they are quite out-shone by the glory of the "Agwallah," or firemen, whose turbans and sashes are of purple and gold and rainbow hues. But they in turn are dowdy beside the "Seedee Boys," real African niggers, whose duty it is to spend their days actually inside the coal bunkers, shaping and supplying the coal to the stokers. They are woolly-headed, good-tempered fellows, for the most part, made rather pets of by the men, and allowed to indulge their native fancy for gay colouring to the full. A more imposing or self-satisfied figure than "Abdoola," their "serang," as he stood grinning for his portrait, it would be hard to imagine. In comparison to the stately and gaily-clothed Asiatics and Africans, the English quarter-masters look very unromantic and commonplace. Then come all the stewards, cooks, etc., while the officers, very smart in frock-coats and glory of brass buttons and braid, stand in a group by themselves. Both sides of the deck are lined, and down the long ranks the captain and chief officer pass in royal progress, raising their hands in acknowledgment to the wave of salutation that sweeps along the line.

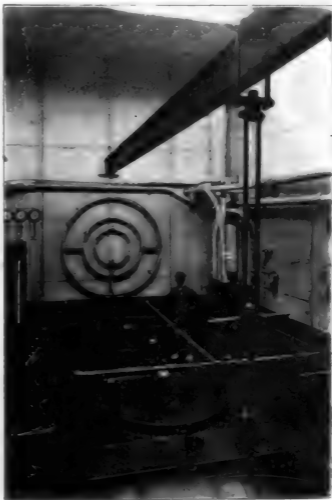
After that comes service. As the weather is still hot, this is conducted on deck, under the awning. Chairs for the congregation are ranged down the deck, the most musical of the passengers perform on the American organ, and lead the singing. The captain stands at a desk covered with the Union Jack, and reads the well-known prayers and lessons in a reverent, manly, straightforward voice, that should put many a mincing young curate to the blush; the congregation shout heartily in the

hymns, and the short, sailor-like service, held there in such unfamiliar circumstance, with the blue sky above, and the blue sea around, has a ring of heartiness and sincerity about it, too often lacking in many an English church.

Days are fleeting fast now. We swelter in the Red Sea, cool down in the Gulf of Suez, and stick half a day in the Canal, through a Frenchman in front having run aground. We go ashore at Port Said, to avoid the hideous discomfort of coaling, and we marvel at the pace with which the monkey-like "coalies" transfer the coal in baskets from the barges to the ship, with minimum of time and maximum of dust. We begin the Mediterranean with our first rough day, which somewhat tries the veracity of some who boasted of their sea-legs in the peaceful Indian Ocean. But the sea calms down again, and festivities, temporarily interrupted, commence with fresh activity, for we have picked up new passengers in Egypt, and it is now cool enough to make exercise a necessity, and not a burden. Deck sports become very popular, and ingenuity is taxed to think of new ones. Pig-drawing, blindfold, with chalk on the smooth white deck, is very exciting for a time; so are the rehearsals for the grand play which takes place the night before we reach Malta, and which is applauded to the echo, and quoted to the end of the voyage. We are firm friends with all the officers now, from the genial captain to the affable sixth engineer, and we poke our way into all sorts of unauthorised places — down the store-room, in the cook's galley, in the fo'c'stle. One red-letter day even, by dint of special wheedling, we are allowed to stand on the sacred bridge itself, and inspect the intricate mechanism of the beautifully-mounted compass.

Of course our pet engineer takes us down the engine-

room—and what a wonderful place this is! We descend by oily iron ladders down into the very heart of the ship, into a great well, as it were, where the light filters down dimly through the network of machinery, and the air is hot and heavy with the scent of warm oil. We are deafened by the ceaseless roar of the great engines, we are bewildered with the flashing rods, the flinging pistons, the whirling shaft, all slamming, banging, whirring so close around us. Slowly our eyes become accustomed to the gloom, and we notice the engineers, whom we have only seen on deck before, trim, smart, and brilliant with gold braid, standing to their engines in coarse blue slops—hot, black and oily; the dusky natives squatting silently among the works, and behind, the dim outline of the furnaces beyond.



THE ENGINE-ROOM—ABOVE

We penetrate into the stoke-hole, where a furious downward draught of cold air makes the temperature cooler than the engine-room, in spite of the terrific fires, and where the blackened firemen—natives also, with wild brown eyes—work in the light of their furnaces like a set of demons in torment. The effect when one of the doors is opened, and a flood of fierce red light illumines the black recesses of this grim hole, is lurid in the extreme. We can believe now the stories told us, and which we did not credit on deck, of the unpopular officer, seized unawares, and thrust by

in the heat and darkness; to cling desperately in the storm to the life-rails, amid the rocking, straining machinery, working the engines in deadly peril, and in utter ignorance of what is going forward above, knowing only that any moment he may be overwhelmed by the intrushing water, and drowned, without hope of escape, like a rat in a hole, or scalded to death by the bursting boilers—this to me seems to require a courage of even a higher order; and yet what honour is meted to the faithful engineers in all the thrilling tales of perils on the deep?



BAGGAGE DAY


dark hands into the flames, never to be seen or heard of more. We can appreciate the pluck, too often unnoticed, of the faithful engineers, performing their duty to the last in times of danger and disaster. To stand for many hours on the bridge, in the full fury of a fearful gale; to guide the ship with firm hand and steady nerve through the hidden rocks and the foaming breakers; to stick to the wreck till the last dim hope has passed; to hold the lives of all on board in his hands—this is the work of a truly brave man, and one who rightly deserves the praise and glory heaped upon him. But to toil below

But enough of this. Malta is passed; Gibraltar is close ahead. We are returning to a bitter, early English spring, and the air is chiller every day. We get out our warm clothes on baggage day, that most keenly exciting day of all the week, when the boxes are hauled on deck from the hold, and all dumped down together in an indiscriminate heap, over which the passengers leap and scramble, and pack and unpack, and charge about with bundles, and drop piles of miscellaneous clothing all over the deck. Truly the voyage would lose half of its interest without these periodic occasions!

The Bay at last, and a good tossing to end up with ; but we are hardened sailors by this time, and no one cares. A still but bitter day in the Channel, when the Anglo-Indians shiver under thickest rugs. Then the well-known shores of Old England loom in the quickly-approaching distance. A queer mixed feeling is in all our hearts. Joy, infinite joy, to be once again back in the fatherland ; to see friends and home once more ; but something like a tear in the eye, and a lump in the throat, to think our pleasant voyage is over—our

happy month, that has brought renewed health and life to many, and happy days and cheery comrades to us all. But Plymouth Hoe is before us, the luggage is piled on the deck. Good-bye to you, dear friends of five weeks ! Good-bye to you, courteous, kindly captain and crew, who have done so much for our safety and comfort ! Good-bye, dear old ship, which has brought us so far and so well ! Fare you well, and may as fair weather and as fair fortune ever be yours as has followed our homeward voyage !





THE SECRET OF THE PYRAMID.

WRITTEN BY FRANK ANDRIÓT CONDUIT

ILLUSTRATED BY M. NISBET

I.

YOU want to hear the story? Well, you shall. I have never told it to anyone in England yet, partly because in all probability no one would believe it, and partly because the relation of it would bring back the recollection of horrors that, even now, makes the blood run cold in my veins. I sometimes catch myself thinking whether it was not, after all, some terrible nightmare, but the sight of this ruby always awakens the memory, and I can recollect the affair as if it were only yesterday. I am an old man now, and my hair is white, 'tis true, but it has been white for thirty years—ever since that night in the Pyramid. This is the story. Listen :—

In the year 1860 I obtained an appointment as assistant overseer of some public works about to be started in Cairo by an English firm of engineers. I left London to take up the position in the best of spirits, as I was young then, and a residence in Egypt was the

fulfilment of my one great desire, being, at that time, a devout student of Egyptology, and the prospect of being able to visit the land of the Pharaohs filled me with the most pleasant anticipations.

There is little for me to relate as to the voyage; suffice to say that the time passed cheerfully enough. Fine weather and good company relieved the monotony of the journey, which, in those days, took considerably longer than it does now.

Travelling in the same ship was a young Englishman named Harold Crawford, the son of a well-to-do London physician, who was travelling to Egypt for a holiday, and, like myself, was an enthusiast on the subject of Egyptian antiquities, therefore it may be readily imagined that we were not long in forming an acquaintance which ripened into a close friendship before the voyage ended.

On my arrival at Cairo I immediately reported myself to head-quarters, but was informed that the works would not commence for at least another month, and consequently I was free to occupy my time as I chose, until operations

began. This was an unlooked-for piece of good fortune, as I knew that my friend Crawford had not yet started from Cairo, and the following day saw us seated together under the esplanade of The Hôtel de Khedive, planning an excursion to the Pyramid of Ghiza, the loadstar of all sightseers in that ancient land of wonders.

During our conversation Crawford mentioned a peculiar experience that had befallen him on the previous day. I cannot do better than tell it in his own words:

"Yesterday," he said, "as I was coming up the street, I noticed an old Bedouin, eighty I should think, if a day, who was feeling his way along the gutter. As I was passing by the old man said in broken English: 'Noble Effendi, you have the generous face. Your countenance speaks the charity that dwells within your heart. May it be so that you have studied the laws of medicine?'"

"This was rather curious I thought. How this old beggar could know I was a medical student puzzled me. To humour him I replied, 'Yes, I am a doctor' (rather far-fetched you know, as I haven't passed anything yet)."

"The old man looked at me for a moment, then said, 'Would your nobleness deign to look upon my daughter who lies afflicted close by? The God of my fathers will surely pour His blessings upon you.'"

"Somehow or other I felt a strange interest in this nondescript specimen of humanity, and bidding him proceed, followed his tottering footsteps. We turned down a narrow court close by, and in a few minutes reached a small house; a tumbledown affair with two rooms. Crossing the threshold the old man bade me wait a moment, and passed into the inner one. He soon reappeared and signed to me to enter. The apartment was a small one, meagrely furnished. A common deal table, stool, and low wooden bedstead were about the only things I noticed, with the exception of a few texts from the Kôran, pinned to the wall, and a curious inlaid ebony box standing in a corner.

"The patient lay upon the bed. A

young Egyptian woman of the usual type, but of rather prepossessing appearance, with her long, black hair spreading in a tangled mass over the pillow, in the centre of which her gipsy-like features glowed with the hectic flush of malarial fever, but not as yet of a malignant type.

"I saw at once that an immediate dose of quinine or bromide was all that was necessary to check the advance of the malady.

"'Will she live, Effendi?' spoke the old man, in a trembling voice. 'Will my daughter Zahiye still be the one hope of her aged father's short stay upon earth? I am beyond the age of ordinary men, and my time is drawing near, but with my loved one by my side I can face the terrors of Eblis without fear. Save her, Effendi, save her, and the day of wealth dawns for you!'"

"I promised the old man to send something that would soon put the girl on her feet again, and left him showering all manner of blessings upon my head. After leaving the house I stepped into Hart's and had a prescription made up, sent a messenger with it, and until an hour ago had forgotten all about the matter.

"As I was standing on this verandah where we are now sitting, a ragged urchin came up, and without a word presented me with this packet. After giving it me he took to his heels and vanished. I have looked it over carefully but can make neither head nor tail of it. Can you?"

The two pieces of dirty white paper that Crawford handed me were peculiar specimens of calligraphy. One was in the form of a letter, evidently written by the old Bedouin. After a careful scrutiny I managed to read it:—

"May God preserve thee, friend of the poor; thou who hast given life unto the one help and comfort of my old age, greeting!"

"It is far beyond the power of thy servant's servant to repay the debt he owes, but this much can he do. See thou the parchment; follow this to the end and thou shalt discover that which has escaped the hand of man. Seek and thou shalt find, but with this thy servant bids thee heed. When once the stone

turns thou holdest thy life at hazard.
Death lives within the chamber.

"Further guidance thy slave cannot give.

"HUSSEIN ABBAS."

"Now we come to the parchment," continued Crawford, as he produced a remarkable document which appeared to be a sort of plan or sketch traced in

at the foot of the parchment the representation of the entrance to the Pyramid with the passage leading to the subterranean chamber, then the one terminating at the King's Chamber, situated, as every student of Egyptology knows, exactly in the centre of the monument itself. Branching from this to the left in a slightly downward direc-



"WILL SHE LIVE, EFFENDI?"

rade outline upon something resembling sheepskin, but so old and worn as to be scarcely decipherable.

Spreading it before us we studied the rough characters, but could make nothing of it until an inspiration suddenly seized me.

It was nothing else but a diagram of the interior of the Great Pyramid, but containing more details than are known at the present day. It was simple enough to follow—first there appeared

tion, the diagram showed *another passage* ending in a square (evidently meant to represent an apartment) but almost before the line reached this spot the figure of a Death's-head had been drawn or painted (for it was in red) and stood out in bold relief upon the dirty crumpled skin.

My knowledge of what had been discovered in the Pyramids up to that time was complete, and I had no doubt whatever, that the document was in-

tended to show that there was a passage and chamber still unexplored.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Crawford, as I finished my inspection. "Is it worth going into?"

"Certainly," I replied; "it may be some stupid hoax, but nevertheless I must confess the thing impresses me, and I feel strongly inclined to see what truth there is in it. Who knows? stranger things have happened."

"Very well, then," said Crawford, "we will make a start to-morrow and see what the old chap's plan is worth. Keep the thing to yourself, and we will explore the place together quietly. It is no use taking any guides, I hate those fellows; besides," he laughingly remarked, "in the event of our coming across a hundredweight or so of gold or a pocketful of precious stones, there will be less to divide it among."

Poor fellow, how those words of his come back to me even now!

II.

By ten o'clock the following morning we were on our way to the Pyramids, those huge structures that for countless ages have bid defiance to time. They loomed up against the bright Egyptian sky—vast, solitary, grand.

I gazed upon the mighty monuments with a feeling akin to awe. Their immensity seemed to dwarf into utter insignificance every modern building I had ever beheld.

We were not long in reaching them, and both stood wrapped in silent admiration of their splendour, until our meditations were rudely broken by the noisy importunities of a ragged gang of Bedouins clamouring for "backsheesh" and acceptance of their services as guides. We had some little trouble in disposing of these unwelcome visitors, but after a liberal donation managed to send them away satisfied, and seated ourselves on a fallen block of stone to rest for a while before venturing into the entrance, a dark hole about six feet in diameter, which showed itself black and uninviting in the side of the Pyramid.

We had provided ourselves with some candles, a sectional steel crowbar, and

coil of strong cord in case of having to remove any fallen masonry, or to assist us in making a safe descent, should we be compelled to do so.

"Come along," said Crawford, rising from his seat, "let us make a start," and we entered the gloomy passage.

As we did so a most peculiar feeling came over me which I cannot describe. It was neither fear nor presentiment, but an undefinable sensation of uneasiness about I knew not what. A shudder ran through me, but the next moment I had shaken it off, and stumbled on over the loose stones and rubbish that lay thickly in our path.

As soon as we had proceeded far enough to be secure from the observation of anyone outside the Pyramid, we halted and lit our candles.

The flickering light threw strange fantastic shadows on the walls of the narrow passage which stretched away before us into the impenetrable darkness. The air, which had been so warm and soft outside, was now cold and dank, like that of a cellar.

On we went up the incline, the loose stones underfoot making our progress necessarily slow.

"Tough climbing this, old chap," said my companion. I started as he spoke. His voice sounded hollow and deathlike in the terrible stillness. "Not a very nice place for a ramble is it?" he continued with a laugh that reverberated through the passage like a shout of many voices. "Never mind, there's an end to it before long, I suppose, and something worth coming for too, I hope."

For another ten minutes we toiled up until the passage suddenly became level, and I knew that at least half of our journey was over. My previous study of what was already known of the interior of the Pyramid told me that we were now within a short distance of the King's Chamber, which was supposed to be the conclusion of the passage.

The way now became very narrow and we had considerable difficulty in making any progress, but in a few minutes we were at the end of it and entered the chamber, where we were enabled to stand upright and rest after

the labour of toiling through the dust and débris.

The hall we had reached was bare and cheerless, and the echo of our footsteps as we walked upon the stone floor sounded dull and hollow in that frightful stillness. The very air seemed dead and stagnant, like the atmosphere which sometimes precedes the bursting of a thunderstorm, and was cold and death-like as the grave.

Crawford got out the parchment.

"Strikes me this is a fraud," he said. "We've got to the end of our tether, I think, but still, as we are here, we may as well have a careful look round. Let us have another look at the plan first," and he spread the sketch open upon his knee.

There was the line indicating the way we had come and ending at the chamber we were now in. The other line commenced exactly on the opposite side of the apartment.

"Plain enough," said my companion; "but where is the entrance to this wonderful new thoroughfare? The walls are all solid stone everywhere. Let us try over there."

Holding our candles close to the stone we carefully scrutinised the side indicated by the sketch, but for a time could discover nothing. The massive blocks seemed to fit together as if in one piece.

Suddenly Crawford called out—

"Come here; let me have that crowbar a minute." I went over to him, screwing together the three sections of the steel bar as I walked. He was busy picking out the mortar from the side of one of the huge blocks.

"See here," he exclaimed, "this stone has been swung round at one time or other, because the little line of mortar only goes in a very short distance, and probably has been put there as a blind, to make it appear that this block is as firmly set as the others. We will soon see."

A few seconds later he had got enough of the mortar out to admit of the insertion of the flat point of the crowbar. Bracing his foot against the wall he grasped the bar and pulled.

Heavens! The ponderous mass moved at least an inch!

"Now then! Both together!" cried Crawford, and as we pulled, the stone slowly swung round upon its axis, disclosing a yawning pit, a black void, the awful gloom of which the light of our candles only seemed to intensify. I involuntarily drew back with a thrill of fear.

"There must be some way down there," said my companion; "get out the cord."

Fastening the line round his waist I held the other end while he cautiously crawled on his hands and knees to the edge of the chasm and, candle in hand, peered over into the darkness.

"It's all right, old chap. There are steps here. Come along, but be careful how you go." So saying he turned round and slowly began to descend, while I prepared to follow him.

There were scarcely twenty steps in all, and on arriving at the foot of them we found ourselves in a narrow way sloping in a slightly downward direction.

Our lights burned dimly in the gloomy, echoing passage, leading probably, to solitudes that had not been invaded for perhaps, two thousand years, and it was with a strange feeling of mingled awe and apprehension that I followed my companion, breathing the dust of a vast antiquity, and with uplifted candle vainly trying to pierce the inky blackness that lay before us.

The pathway was even and free from loose stones, enabling us to proceed with comparative ease, although our progress was slow, as we were treading upon unknown ground and knew not what pitfalls might be before us.

Crawford suddenly halted, stooped down and picked up something. Peering over his shoulder, I looked to see what it was, and uttered an involuntary cry of horror as the light of our candles fell upon the object he held. It was a human hand severed at the wrist; the flesh had mouldered away, leaving nothing but skin and bone. The horrible thing had the appearance of a claw, as the nails were long like talons. Upon one of the fingers glistened this ruby ring.

"Put it in your pocket, old man," said Crawford, "mine are full. The ring may be valuable," and handing me

the grisly object, he recommenced the journey. However, a slight pull slid the ornament from the bony finger, and I let the hand drop, putting the ring in my pocket. It is a very fine specimen of an Egyptian ruby, as you will see, and the setting is most elaborate.

Continuing on we at length came to

and won't stop *me*. Let us try the persuader again.

Once more the strange feeling of uneasiness seemed to come upon me, and my heart gave a convulsive leap as the crowbar clanged noisily against the metal lock, the blows of the heavy instrument resounding along the



"UPON ONE OF THE FINGERS GLISTENED THIS RUBY RING"

a massive wooden door crossed with heavy bands of iron, and as the light of flickering candles shone upon its panels, I saw with a thrill of horror the painted presentment of a huge skull and crossbones.

"Hallo! here we are at the door mentioned in the plan," said Crawford. "It is evidently only painted with the death's-head to frighten the ignorant,

vaulted passage like the thunder of cannon.

Crash! The cumbrous fastening at last gave way under the repeated onslaughts of Crawford's muscular arms, and the door suddenly flew open. A gust of stifling, foetid air belched forth, extinguishing both candles.

A moment's death-like silence ensued, followed by a strange sort of dull rasp-

ing noise, as if a wet skin was being drawn across a wooden floor.

Then Crawford's voice rang out in an agonizing scream:

"A light! help! help! good God." Another instant and I had managed to get my candle alight.

At first I could see nothing. The sudden transition from pitch darkness dazzled my eyes. Then I looked again, and an awful terror gripped me. I stood staring and petrified.

A huge, yellowish, shapeless form, like a vast mass of wet, shining leather, was moving spasmodically forward from the opposite side of a square vaulted chamber. Two monstrous fiery eyes were fixed upon me, and the mass heaved and throbbed convulsively as it slowly advanced. The thing had some semblance of features. There was a horrible slit, which might possibly have passed for a human mouth, out of the corners of which dropped a stream of green slime. At the rear of this awful monster long tentacles, thick as a man's leg, waved in the air.

The body of my companion had been seized and crushed by one of these terrible arms which lifted the corpse on high and slowly swung it to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock.

All this happened in the space of a few moments. The unspeakable horror of the sight that met my eyes rendered me utterly powerless for the time being, then, my momentary paralysis suddenly passed into active fright, and I turned and ran headlong, dropping the candle as I did so.

I am not ashamed to confess it. The frenzy of fear obtained the mastery, and I tore back at full speed through the darkness, knocking and bruising myself at every step.

How or when I reached the King's

Chamber in the terrible darkness I cannot tell, but suffice to say, I did get to it, and with a superhuman effort, turned the massive block of stone again into its place. From that time until I found myself in the hospital at Cairo, my mind became a perfect blank.

They told me afterwards that I had lain hovering between life and death for nearly a month. At intervals a wild delirium would seize me as I again fancied myself in that fearful chamber of death, and after the madness passed, my very life trembled in the balance.

I must have lain unconscious in the King's Chamber for several days, as it was only through a party of English tourists happening to find me stretched (lifeless as they thought) upon the stone floor, that I am alive and able to relate what I have told you.

My account of the affair received very little credence. One or two attempts were made to discover the secret entrance, but without any result, and my story has been put down to the fancy of a disordered brain. I was pressed to accompany several search parties in order to point out the swinging stone, but nothing on earth will ever induce me to set foot in that terrible place again.


Poor Crawford's words, "There will be less to divide it among," ring in my ears even now, and in fancy I can again see that unearthly monster swinging my poor friend's lifeless body to and fro in its huge arms.

I have faced many dangers in my time both by sea and land, and fought for my life against overwhelming odds, but even the memory of that awful time fills me with unspeakable dread, as I look back upon our ill-fated attempt to unravel the Secret of the Pyramid.

The Street Markets of London

WRITTEN BY GEORGE A. WADE.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

HAT London—the populous districts of London—would do without the well-known street-markets is a problem! They are the very life and soul of the busy neighbourhoods graced by their presence; the business marts; the meeting places of old friends; the rendezvous of 'Arrys and 'Arriets innumerable. They just fill, to the busy coster and his wife, and to their numerous patrons, the place that is filled for the country farmer's family by the weekly market in the sleepy old country town. Only there is infinitely more noise, more show, more trade, and the wit and jests are both coarser and more abundant.

To a superficial observer it might seem that most of the street-markets of London were alike, that it was always the same, a succession of vegetable stalls, meat barrows and old book stands. But this would be a mistake. There are many differences clearly perceptible on a closer examination of the various marts where London costers thus dispose of their wares. We shall see them best by noticing some of the most famous of these outdoor business places.

Just below Waterloo Station the main road is crossed by a wide street, which, on the right-hand side (going southwards), is known by the curious name of "Lower Marsh," and on the left-hand side, by the still more curious name of "New Cut." These names, doubtless, have some connection with the river close at hand. However, the streets they represent are fine and wide, and here every day is to be seen, on the northern side of the road, a multitude of stalls and barrows, whose owners are ready and willing to dispose of almost any imaginable article, generally new, except in the case of books or clothes.

The vendors, through the week, are mostly of the ordinary coster class, enlivened by a Dutch-auctioneer or two, and, almost always, a sporting tipster, who—kind, wonderful prophet!—is willing, for the small sum of a penny, to deliver unto the young and old men of the neighbourhood a little packet containing the names of the horses that are absolutely sure to win during the next week! This gentleman is generally very much out at elbows, and his face usually looks as if it would be the better for a good wash; but as he always professes to have just come from having a private talk with his "friend" Morny Cannon or Jack Watts, it is not surprising how much business he does!

The New Cut and Lower Marsh are, I think, the favourite resorts of turf-tipsters and sham auctioneers. Certainly no other street-market has so many of them.

But the great days for business in this region are Saturday and Sunday, the former in the evening, and the latter in the morning. It is no exaggeration to say that on Saturday night you can literally walk on the people's heads. The shouting and bawling that goes on, as each particular salesman recommends his own wares, is calculated to drive an ordinary person crazy. And this noise is further augmented by the giggling and screeching of innumerable youths and maidens who make the footpaths their promenade, walking at the rate of about a mile per hour, and stopping to indulge in an occasional ice-cream or "penn'orth o' whelks!"

It is noticeable that, on Saturdays and Sundays, no small proportion of the crowd of stall-holders are Jews. Where they come from is, to the denizen of the New Cut, a mystery, though he significantly suggests, "they be East-enders,



NEW CUT MARKET

gub'nor, they be! We aint none o' that kidney as lives about here, and don't want any." Probably he is right in his surmise as to their place of origin. As to "wanting" any—well, the Jew trades there, whether wanted or not; and, as a rule, the Jew soon begins to "live" at a place after he has got a business going there!

Still pursuing our investigations in the same quarter of London, the next street-market that claims attention is that which embraces the very wide area covered by the London Road, the Walworth Road, and the Camberwell New Road. From the beginning of the London Road to Camberwell Green is a far cry, but the whole way is a succession of stalls and other such paraphernalia on the roadside. In many places this line of business is broken and interrupted, sometimes for a short distance, at others for a longer one. But it may be taken to represent, on the whole, one continuous market of those goods which the London poor are generally most in want of. Unlike the last-mentioned market, there seems to be, about Walworth Road, a very great demand for three things: butcher's meat, cabbages, and tools. Every kind of joiner's, carpenter's, bricklayer's or plumber's tools seems in great request, seeing that

stall after stall thinks it necessary to make an imposing display of these iron or wooden goods.

The usual accompaniments of the country market, the gentleman aforesaid with his racing "certainty," and his companion who is "bound to sell, ladies and gents, if only as I get two bids for this 'ere fine pure silver watch, stamped, jewelled and hall-marked," are notably absent from London Road and Walworth Road. The reason for this I do not pretend to know, since there is a large business done in those thoroughfares, but probably the traffic is so great that the policeman allows such energetic gentlemen no room for the soles of their feet to rest upon, as large crowds round them would be most inconvenient.

There occasionally the quack-doctor turns up with a pill or salve that is guaranteed to cure anything, from a wooden leg to an attack of "that deadly thing, gents, cholera!" But he has to go down a side street, well out of the way of 'buses and trams, and so he finds the surrounding crowd too small to be duly appreciative of his great remedy, and he doesn't patronise the South London market more than he can help.

The last important street-market in this quarter of the metropolis is that which has acquired more than local

fame from its connection with a well-known coster song, viz., the one in the Old Kent Road. Except for a market we shall presently notice, that of the Old Kent Road is perhaps the most typical of the coster's life in its most striking aspects. It also enjoys the distinction of being the largest as regards the quantity of goods sold. Every day of the week it is more or less in evidence, but the day *par excellence* for its great display is Saturday. In the evening of that day the sight is one not readily forgotten.

The staple articles of sale are vegetables. Stalls and barrows, drawn by pony, "moke" (donkey), or by hand, form a continuous line for the whole length of the long road, and are piled up, as high as ever they will possibly hold, with cabbages, carrots, cauliflowers, potatoes, etc. From morning to night the coster shouts out his cry of "cheapness and quantity," all the while busy weighing and selling, until, by the late evening, little of his stock ever remains.

A noticeable thing about the Old Kent Road population may be learned from the stalls. It is evidently of an æsthetic taste, for nowhere else, out of Covent Garden, in London do you see such an enormous show of floral dainties. They make the stalls look gay with their bright colours, and what is equally good, they find a ready sale.

The denizens of the famous "knocked 'em" district do not seem much to patronise old clothes or old book stalls; there are practically none of them in evidence here. The quack, however, does a fair trade.

"Now, guv'nor," said one of them, as I stood by, to a pale-faced youth of twenty or so, "be you a-going to 'ave a box o' these 'ere corf-drops, or not? Only a penny the box, and they'll cure that corf o' yours, or I'll eat me bloomin' head! Why, look there," he continued, pointing to a stout-looking, strong fellow, who had just sauntered up, "that man can tell you whether my corf-drops are hany good or not, since I sold 'im a box 'ere only a week since. Now, there's no blessed fake about this, guv'nor, since I never set eyes on 'im

afore then, an' you can 'ear what 'e says 'imself."

Then, to the gaping crowd, the new-comer calls out boldly, "I'm forced to say, gents, as 'ow the corf-drops that I got from this 'ere gentleman *did* do me a lot o' good, an' no blooming mistake, I give yer my word. They cured me, an' that's the truf!"

Then began a run on the "corf-drops" at a penny a box, and the "gentleman" had soon sold out. Meantime the man who had been "cured" had gone off again. Probably he met the vendor in Whitechapel a little later on, and divided the proceeds!

There are few people not resident in North London who have any acquaintance with "Caledonia," and there are still fewer people resident there who have no acquaintance with it. Some folks call it "The Market," others know it as "Caledonia"; and some have christened it "Rag Fair"; but whatever name it goes by, it is an important institution in that crowded district. On only one day in the week can you have the privilege of seeing the pristine beauty of "Rag Fair," and that day is Friday. For the market is only held on Friday afternoons and in the early evenings. To get there, you simply go up the Caledonian Road, from King's Cross, till you come, after passing the railway arch, to Market Road, and, proceeding up this road, you find yourselves in a large square, called Market Square.

The peculiarity of this open market is that the goods there displayed for sale are not on stalls or barrows, but all spread out on the ground. They cover a lot of space, but you have the advantage of getting a good look before you buy! And a still more curious peculiarity is that almost all the articles are second-hand, not new. Indeed, it may well be called "a market of misfits, or odds and ends."

If you chance to have broken a "drop" of that pretty pair of lustres that grace your sideboard, it is almost certain that you'll find here one to match, seeing that this stall has some three hundred "odd" lustre-drops for sale! Your coat, too, may need a "patch" in, probably at the elbows; but your tailor has no "stuff" like it

left. Well, you will doubtless find some here, since two or three stalls cater especially for such an unfortunate state of things!

"Look 'ere, mister,"—evidently the seller addressing me was not a Londoner, your true London hawker always drops into "guv'nor,"—"if you want a nice first-class song or two cheap, there you are, only twopence apiece!"

I was looking at his songs—spread on the ground—and I invested. For "twopence apiece" I got the proper publisher's copies of "Tommy Atkins," "In the Gloaming," and "London Bridge"! What more can you want?

And these curiosities of "Caledonia" are only equalled by the wide variety of its products. No vegetables or flowers, no quack-doctors or auctioneers. But every conceivable kind of domestic articles, necessity or luxury. Odd locks to fit queer keys, curious keys to fit unique locks! On one floor-stall was a piano-keyboard, six octave, for those who had "thumped" that musical instrument at home till the keys were gone; on another was a sewing machine, without its table-rest, whilst the next had a table and rest minus the machine! So there you were! A gas-meter was for sale further on; then came a man who had about a hundred pneumatic tyres he wished to find purchasers for!

Ponies, donkeys and goats were here, there, and everywhere, all on sale. Five pounds for a pony could not be considered too high for a first-class animal, as I was assured it was; but I didn't buy it. Donkeys were at a discount, they were too plentiful the day I was there.

Yes, "Rag Fair" is one of London's choicest specimens in its own especial line, a market of curious and ancient articles, some of which are valuable, some rubbish, and all very novel and interesting.

Transporting ourselves to the East End, we find what may be termed three distinct street-markets. The chief of these in many respects is that which is held along the Whitechapel Road and the Mile End Road on Saturdays. Every day there are a few stalls to be seen, like remnants of a bygone time, trying to do a little business. On Fridays the Whitechapel High Street does some second-hand market trade in the shape of tools and old books. The area covered by the hand barrows of the dealers is not very large, nor is the selection of goods offered for sale very choice. The books are mostly dry and musty volumes, or odd numbers of magazines and monthly periodicals. The tools are such as are used by all ordinary workmen, and are, as a rule, not new. Their cheapness is their main



MARKET IN A STREET OFF WHITECHAPEL

recommendation, as quality is evidently a secondary consideration.

But the glory of Whitechapel's weekly market shines forth on Saturday in its fullest radiance. Unlike some of the markets mentioned, it has the advantage of a splendidly wide street. Much has been said and written of the East End's needs and disadvantages, but, to my thinking, full justice has never yet been done to its magnificent streets. There is certainly no wider, finer thoroughfare in the West End than the east of the City boasts of in Mile End Road. Besides the extraordinary width of the road proper, and of the footpaths on each side, there is a broad piece of vacant ground running the whole length of both sides of the road usable for buying and selling goods, and Whitechapel costers and others take full advantage of it.

For myself I should say this is the best of London's street-markets. In length it stretches over a mile, going from the beginning of Mile End Road at the City end, right away to Globe Road. Every kind of article is on sale, and the noise of the busy thoroughfare on its chief market-day rivals Bedlam. Many, though by far the minority, of the stalls belong to the people who have shops on the line of route, and who thus utilise the space in front of their establishments. Hence such things as furniture, which are often conspicuous by their absence from other markets, are greatly in evidence here. From what I could gather there seems to be no fees to pay for the privilege of standing with goods, and so there is a great demand for vacant space.

All that was said of the market in the New Cut and Lower Marsh applies equally to Whitechapel's market, probably even more so. Jews, as one might suppose, are quite common; sponges and washleathers show up well on the stalls.

One thing the great East End Market can boast of above its compeers, and that is the different nationalities of its patrons. Amongst those to be seen there on a Saturday evening there are few countries unrepresented. And despite the reputation that has grown around the name of Whitechapel, the people there are

probably as fair-dealing as many tradesmen in far more pretentious shops of more important districts.

Petticoat Lane, as it was in the old days—Middlesex Street, as it is to-day—has a reputation of its own, distinctly of East End flavour. Its great day is Sunday, its chief traders are the Hebrew race; their great subject of wordy warfare is old clothes. Where all the old hats, old boots, old clothes come from, that grace the booths and carts of Petticoat Lane on a Sunday, is one of the mysteries of life in that district. Of course, we know they have been collected from all over London, and even other cities, by the enterprising "old clo" man, but still the immense amount of them strikes the new-comer with wonder.

And the people, and the noise! There is no describing with full justice, the babble and sound that three or four hundred Jews *can* make, when they all get arguing on the matter of buying and selling. It is simply deafening, and calculated to give any ordinary Englishman the headache.

The second-hand clothes are in every stage of decay and wear. Holes and frays are, of course, visible on every hand; but the garments are just suited to what the district's population is most in need of, and there is an enormous demand for all kinds of cast-off wearing apparel, of all colours, all sizes, all shapes.

The last of the street-markets of London with which this article will deal is one not the least noticeable for some things. The area is just as contracted as that of the Mile End Road one is large; it is situated in an extremely narrow and busy street, so as almost to obstruct the traffic—indeed it often does so—and it is practically close to one of London's busiest thoroughfares, yet it remains comparatively secluded. The seeker who, leaving the Abbey, proceeds along the busy Victoria Street till he reaches Strutton Ground, on the left-hand side of the street, will at once come upon the object of his search, if the day be Saturday or Sunday morning.

Strutton Ground, as he will find, barely allows room for two vehicles to pass one



WESTMINSTER—STRUTTON GROUND MARKET

another, when there is nothing else in the way; how this is managed when stalls and barrows line both sides of the street is a problem not easily answered. Yet it is done, though there are often exciting scenes, which keep Strutton Ground alive! The street, fortunately, is a very short one, though the market, especially on Sundays, overflows into the Horseferry Road, where, however, the goods exposed for sale are invariably put on the ground, actually in the road itself.

Strutton Ground's staple commodities seem to be butcher's meat and vegetables; there is practically little else. But those of the Sunday market in Horseferry Road are of the usual miscellaneous character, amongst which old clothes, and old iron-ware, such as grates, poker, etc., are most common.

One thing Strutton Ground cannot be recommended for, and that is its salubrious atmosphere. The visitor

will be more stifled and nauseated with bad air and noxious smells in the hundred yards or so that this street takes up than he would in all the mile and a half of the East End markets put together! How the ordinary denizens support life in Strutton Ground, they best can tell. It must be that use has made them callous and unfeeling in the sense of smell.

In concluding this article, I do not pretend to have given a full and exhaustive list of all London's various street-markets. But I think from what has here been detailed the reader will gain a better idea than many people have of what, after all, is no small factor in the supplying of the wants of London's poorer population, a factor whose importance could only be known by suddenly cutting off all such supplies of food, and other things. Then it would be seen what an outcry there would be!



G. DE COLIGNY.

VILLON'S BALLADE OF THE LADIES OF YORE.

(From the French of François Villon, 15th Cent.)

TELL me, I pray you, ye that know,
Where Roman Flora now may be;
Hipparchia, Thaïs?—long ago
The twain sprang of one family.
Where's Echo, whom no man may see,
Though heard by lake and river's flow?
Of more than mortal beauty she.
But where indeed is last year's snow?

Where's the wise Héloïse? I trow
That Abelard of Saint-Denis
For her sweet sake was crazed with woe
To seek the cloister's sanctuary.
Where's that fierce queen who in mad glee
Bade men bind Buridan and throw
Into the Seine? Such death had he.
But where indeed is last year's snow?

The lily queen, coy as the doe,
With voice of siren : and those three,
Beatrice, Alice, Bertha? Lo,
Where's she who once held Maine in fee?
And good Jeanne d'Arc of Domrémy,
Whose death men made a shameful show?
May God's own mother say, not we.
But where indeed is last year's snow?

Envoi.

Prince, ask not of the years that flee,
Whereto these ladies hastened so,
Lest this old snatch should answer thee,
" But where indeed is last year's snow? "

J. J. ELLIS.



CAMPS BAY, ON THE WEST COAST OF THE PENINSULA

The Coast-Line of South Africa

WRITTEN BY DOLF WYLLARDE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

THE popular impression that the third continent of the world is a rock, receives a rude shock when brought up before the real Africa as seen from the sea. Of course the interior, roughly speaking, is largely composed of karroo and desert, and certain portions of the south coast are decidedly flinty in appearance; but though Africa is a mineral country she is largely agricultural as well, and her vegetation is, in the main, luxuriant.

There is also a diversity in the scenery which will even compare with Europe, and that within a smaller compass. Take the little unimportant scrap of

coast known as Hout's Bay, on the western side of the peninsula, as an instance. The bay is, as a fact, divided in two by a jutting rock, and guarded by a chain of mountains which runs across the peninsula to the Devil's Peak. Right in the centre, behind the bay, stands the hill—for it can hardly be dignified with the name of mountain—known as the Little Lion, and on each side of this the line rises up, girdling the bay. They are olive-green, these slopes, wherever the great winds have not drifted up the white sand in such quantities as to make them look powdered with snow. At sunset, when the rosy light sparkles on the white drifts, it might be an Alpine scene, so

purely white is the sand, and so glittering—save that the “snow” of these sand-Alps lies on the lower slopes instead of on the summits. It gives some idea of the force of the wind when one remembers that the mountains stand well back from the bay, and that the sand must be carried some way inland in sufficient quantities to lodge it firmly up the steep sides. The colour of the sea itself is as blue as Italy’s, and wherever the olive-green of the vegetation has not gained a footing, the cliffs are warm brown and red—a Cornwall contrast. Something like Cornwall, too, are the huge smooth boulders piled up round the coast, with the blue sea leaping and breaking amongst them and falling back in torrents of white spray. But the sand is whiter than any on the coast of England—dazzlingly white and fine, and strewn with marvels of seaweed and coloured anemones, while here and there a tiny stream comes trickling down from the mountains, bordered with delicate sprays of maiden-hair fern, until it absolutely loses itself among the rocks and slips into the sea. The maidenhair and the brilliant wild flowers which push their way fearlessly into the very sand, strike a tropical note that brings the Southern hemisphere vividly back to mind. This is neither Italy, Switzerland, or Cornwall, but South Africa borrowing something from all three and adding her own beauties to the picture.

An even lovelier view, or at least grander, is the line of False Bay. It is a series of smaller bays and inlets encased in one huge ring of land, floored with the white sand which is so celebrated at Muizenburg, and backed by the warm-hued cliffs. Green and red, blue and white, the endless repetition of colour is broken into lovely lines of form, and the cliffs sweep back and give a glimpse of green inland country at Kalk Bay, or draw up close over the sea at St. James’. Simon’s Bay is a niche on the west side of False Bay, and Simon’s Town lies warm along the shore, a sheet of white houses nestling under the cliff, with the men-of-war at anchor in the dancing blue below them. A sunny place is Simon’s Town, and many degrees warmer than Cape Town,

though only twenty miles off, for the warm Gulf Stream runs into the bay. The cliff here is hard and broken, but what nature has not given in trees and grass she has this time made up for in atmosphere. Perfectly clear, intensely bright, and as sparkling as champagne, the air seems to quiver with its own vitality, and the curve of shore which one can see from Simon’s Town running away into distance is sharply defined and coloured even across the wide stretch of sea which intervenes. This piece of coast at sunset, when its mountains are softened to purple and brown, and the shadows stretch out across the white sand and blue waters, yet with outlines as delicately distinct as at noon, is a more perfectly toned picture than Millet ever painted or Tennyson imagined.

The coast south of False Bay is flatter and more barren, but it has its points of interest. I took ship in the “Dunottar Castle” and made the journey to Durban in May; and the land ran along beside us in low lines of hill and valley, never hard or jagged, but now and then the monotony broken by a patch of white sand, or an opening among the hills that showed the land rising as it retreated from the shore. The “Dunottar” is an old friend of mine, and as she pulsed her way steadily through the green water, I leaned on the rail of her stern and saw Africa flowing by me, sweep on sweep, from Table Mountain and the Twelve Apostles, past the Cape and the mouth of False Bay, until the coast grew flatter, changing from white and green to light brownish yellow—a light-house rose on our lee, a crowd of masts appeared over a headland, and, behold! Port Elizabeth lying in the sunshine behind Algoa Bay, with ships innumerable at anchor.

Taken at full sight from the sea, Port Elizabeth is a more imposing seaport than Cape Town. The guide books will not tell you so, they lose the general view of Cape Town in a detailed description of the docks and harbour; but at first sight Port Elizabeth strikes one more emphatically than her sister City. Cape Town is handsomer in reality, and far more picturesquely situated; but it straggles along the seaboard in a disjointed fashion, its colour-

ing is nondescript, and Table Mountain distracts the attention from the town itself. There is no hiding Port Elizabeth; it is the "City built on the hill," a compact mass of yellow-white buildings spread round the huge curve of bay, with a background of dull green veld. It is undeniably a commercial centre, and a great seaport—and it looks both; there is no getting away from the enormous stretch of its bay, wherein the big liners look like toys tossing up and down on the swinging tides. The sea is very green here, and the situation being exposed, the wind sweeps it into an uneasy motion, even on the stillest day.

We stopped for a day and a-half at Port Elizabeth, while the "Dunottar" swung on her anchors, and one passenger at least studied the bay through every lovely change of time and atmosphere. I never saw such a sunset as that over Algoa Bay; the sky was streaked with brilliant cerise, fading through shades of rose and yellow and pale green to the intense cold blue overhead. Against the sunset the hills along the coast looked like purple velvet, and as dark

fell Port Elizabeth became a brown city decked with jewels, as her lights came out one by one. We left by night, and watched her twinkling out on the horizon—a shower of stars with the jetty for a meteor, tail and all—until a turn of the coast hid her.

The coast between Port Elizabeth and East London becomes more broken and less flat, and at the latter place itself is thick with bush and shrubs, while the white sand recalls False Bay. There is nothing much to see save a great curve of coast which can hardly be called a bay, and a town scattered against the soft yellow green which generally forms the background in South Africa; but once one gets into the river mouth the scenery is like the English Dart with a larger grandeur all its own. The steep wooded banks slope down either side of the broad river, which is two hundred and fifty yards wide near its mouth, and the busy riverside teems with craft and railway lines, reminding the stranger that East London is nearly as important a port as Port Elizabeth. The Buffalo is a deep river, as is testified by the



PORT ELIZABETH. LOOKING SOUTH

From Photo by HARRIS & GILLARD

liners which can ride at anchor there, though the treacherous Bar generally forces the mail boats to prefer anchoring off the coast. The Union steamship "Briton" kept us company at East London on her way back along the coast; she lay out on our port side, her great white hull hardly moving against the smooth blue water. An ugly ship is the "Briton" to look at—with all deference to the popular opinion that she is one of the finest boats on the South African lines. Fine she may be, big she certainly is, but her Belfast bows and her ponderous build give her, to my mind, a heavy appearance. Seeing her at anchor, I could hardly imagine her in motion; she has none of the racing lines of the "Scot," or the beautiful spring of the "Carisbrook Castle." You may respect the "Briton," for she is a stately ship, and suggests British stolidity, but she does not give you the pleasure merely to look at her that the P. and O. boats do, for instance.

From East London to Durban the land grows lovelier, until the wooded cliff called the Bluff brings the long soft line to a break at Durban Bay. The shores of Natal are deeply green and rich with trees, and the panorama is one incessant rise and fall of soft outlines—green hill beyond green hill rolling back into golden distance. The sun loves Natal, and seems to linger there with a warmer and more gracious tone than in other parts of Africa. The atmosphere is less brilliantly clear, and more suggestive of tropical heat, and all the dreamy land might belong to the Lotus-eaters.

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In the which it seemed always afternoon.

The coast just beyond East London is a great place for wrecks, and many a vessel has been run on to the rocks there, but further on it grows less difficult to navigate, and there is only Durban Bar to fear. It is a pity that the mail boats and bigger ships are afraid to cross the Bar, and anchor instead in the outer bay, for Durban Harbour is one of the finest in the world. The sea runs into the land in a long creek, of which one can hardly see the further end on entering, and the wooded slopes above shut it in with a grand sweep on the left hand, while on the right lies the city, running into the harbour on a narrow tongue of land known as the Point, and stretching up along the hill. A green, sunny spot is Durban, one of those quiet corners of the world which nature seems to have especially loved. The city itself is built on a warm stretch of coast snugly set between hills and sea, and the loveliness of the bay and the loveliness of the land complement and reflect each other. If I wanted an ideal honeymoon, I think I should spend it in Natal, and for choice within sight of the sea.

Beyond Durban the coast is hardly to be called South Africa, but is counted as the East, and runs up, lovely but fever-stricken, even to Aden and the gates of the Red Sea. I came back in the "Dunottar Castle," preferring my old friend to the questionable food and cleanliness of a German boat, and she tramped her way back to Cape Town along a coast-line of which I was by no means tired. She is connected first and last with my view of the African coast, and as the one fades out of sight the other follows it, but the memory of both remains with me.





The finding of Nitocris.

A SHORT STORY
OF PAST & PRESENT.

By M. HOEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. FAIRHURST.



EDWARD BERESFORD by name, was about thirty-two years of age, when I decided to go out to the Syrian desert to explore the ruins of

ancient civilisation.

From boyhood the history of those colossal nations of remote antiquity had enthralled me, and as soon as I had taken my degree at New College, Oxford, I had given up both time and money to the pursuit of Assyriology, till, at the time I am speaking of, I was accounted almost the first living authority on the subject.

Nor was I alone in my hobby, for Brian Maturin, an old college chum of mine, had caught the fascination of the subject from me, and was always ready to help with both brains and means.

Thus it came to pass that we two journeyed eastward together, after providing ourselves with all the Government passports, permits, recommendations, and such-like things that we could get.

Now, as I have often been asked since what first put this new whim into my head, let me state once and for all that it was the result of a dream. For one night I seemed to find myself in a

hall, whose architecture proclaimed it Chaldean, in which I moved as a spirit, seeing yet unseen. What I saw in that vision convinced me that there was a remnant of the Chaldees left, and what more fitting place to find them than under the ruins of one of their temples or palaces.

A dream, you say, is but small reason for undertaking so arduous a journey; but, my sceptical friend, whosoever you may be, let me but answer, "There are dreams *and* dreams, and perchance if you had been in my place, you would have followed my line of action."

But to return, Brian and I made up our minds not to set out empty-handed, but to equip ourselves with some of the greatest wonders of modern times.

Photographic apparatus, including Röntgen rays, might be of incalculable use to us; and, much to my friend's astonishment, I insisted on a large and exquisitely attuned grammophone also forming part of our travelling outfit. Last, and by no means least, was the medicine-chest, which contained some rare drugs over and above those ordinarily used in cases of fever and other Eastern disorders.

On our arrival in Syria, we sought and obtained leave of the Turkish Government to provide ourselves with

a force of twenty Arab warriors, who would both act as escort, and be over-seers under us in any excavations we might desire to make.

We further carried with us a letter from the Sultan, commanding all the Faithful "by these presents" to assist us to the utmost of their power.

We started then, with a train of ten camels and our bodyguard of Arabs, to cross the dry, sandy wastes of that desert where once had stood the wondrous cities of antiquity.

Then did the words of the prophet Ezekiel occur to us, in which he spoke of Assyria, "All the people of the earth are gone from his shadow, and have left him"; for where mighty Babylon once reared its proud head, now stand blocks of shattered masonry and bleak, yellow mounds, rendering the aridness of the desert, if possible, more noticeable by recalling to men's minds that formerly the site was graced with the Hanging Gardens which were one of the seven wonders of the world.

From some such reverie we were rudely awakened by the shrill cries of a party of Bedouins, who, judging from the number of our camels, doubtless thought we were worth robbing. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which two of the marauders got killed and one severely wounded. This last was left on the field by his comrades, and it was with some difficulty that I persuaded my Arabs to let me bind up his wound, and place him on one of the camels. Apparently the members of different tribes do not expect much mercy at one another's hands, for the poor fellow's gratitude knew no bounds for the simple service I had rendered him,

Brian undertook to keep an eye on the man when he was approaching convalescence, in case any mishap might befall him.

Riding by his side one day, he questioned him as to the ruin we were now fast approaching, and was told that it was haunted, a white form having been seen flitting through a passage, whilst music was at times heard in its vicinity.

This seemed to suggest a probability of my theory proving correct, so we made straight for the spot.

Birs Nimroud had already been the scene of extensive excavations, one result being the opening up of a long tunnel at the base of one of the towers, but up to the present no entrance into the building itself had been found. Through this we wandered slowly, to see if there seemed any spot likely to prove a door if excavated from the dust of ages. After some hours' search I saw the figures of two winged bulls, which I knew to have been most frequently placed at the entrances to temples.

Brian therefore suggested that we had better begin operations at once, to see if this conjecture would prove correct in the present instance. Doubtless the base of the first of the seven stories of which Bir's Nimroud formerly consisted was on a level with the floor of the tunnel, probably a means of egress resorted to in time of war. What remains of this structure is composed of burnt bricks, and we know that it was rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar at least 504 years after its foundation. After two days' work, we were rewarded by finding a low doorway. This Brian and I resolved to open up without aid, nor did we have to labour long ere a mass of stone revolved slowly on massive hinges and we found ourselves in the vestibule which led to the great entrance.

Along this we made our way, presently to find ourselves in a huge hall, lighted with many hanging lamps of pure silver.

Before proceeding with my description, let me here state that Brian and myself had taken the precaution of dyeing our skin to resemble that of an Indian, as a European might find but short shrift at the hands of a Chaldee, if such there were.

But, to proceed. No sooner did we get into the centre of the hall, and feast our eyes on the marvellous frescoes on which were portrayed battle-scenes of 3,000 years ago, than we became aware of the subtle odour of incense, growing stronger and stronger, whilst a low sound of chanting, unlike anything I had ever heard, came nearer and nearer. We stood still, scarcely daring to breathe lest this should be but a dream; but no, for a massive silken curtain, em-

broidered with cabalistic figures was drawn aside, and seven old men entered the hall. Chaldeans these, without a doubt, they might have lived in the great king's time, to judge by their garments.

Their hair was in massive ringlets, their beards the same, whilst they wore on their heads the pointed caps one sees in Assyrian sculptures. Their robes were of costly silks, on which the emblems of their religion were thickly emblazoned in threads of gold, whilst the last to enter, a very Methuselah for age, carried a sceptre of ivory. Slowly they passed up the hall, seemingly not noticing our presence, and took their places at the farther end on thrones of cedar wood overlaid with bronze, and supported with four legs of ivory representing lions' heads.

The High Priest, for such he appeared to be, then rang a small bronze bell, and a younger man, in less costly garb, answered the summons. Evidently he was instructed to find out who we were, for he came towards us, and bowing gravely spake thus—

"By the Spirit of the air I conjure thee, by the Spirit of the earth I conjure thee, to tell me who thou art and whence thou art come."

"My lord, we have journeyed from a far land to seek out the wonders of by-gone ages, and if it were possible to find a remnant of those to whom the learning of the present world is but as foolishness, if so be that haply we might find any Chaldeans who would let us sit at their feet, and learn of them the wonders of the heavens."

I spoke in the language which I had learnt from the old inscriptions, and apparently it was correct, for the man moved back to the old priest and acquainted him with my reply.

After consulting the other six, he rose and beckoned us to go nearer. We did so, falling on our knees before his throne.

"Strangers, we have heard thee, but before returning any answer we must question thee as to the past of our nation, to see if indeed thy request is true."

"Speak on, my lord, and thy servants will endeavour to answer."

Then followed a string of questions as to their customs, religion, kings and such-like, most of which either Brian or myself were able to answer, thanks to our researches in Assyriology.

Whilst speaking, a girl had entered from behind the curtain. Her black hair was braided with gold, and fastened back by a circlet of the same precious metal; her gown was composed of fine white linen, having a broad band of purple at the hem, the waist being defined by another golden circlet, fastening in front with a sun of diamonds. To her the old priest turned when our examination was ended, bidding her send refreshments for two strangers who had come from afar to visit them. The girl gazed at us with true feminine curiosity, and I am bound to say our interest in this fresh arrival was none the less keen. I noticed that the younger Chaldean, Shalmanzar by name, frowned heavily when she bade us follow her to another room.

After partaking of refreshment from off dishes of gold, and drinking wine from goblets of pure crystal, the maiden evidently thought her turn had come to catechise us, and addressing herself to Brian, she asked his name and errand.

Now, as it happened, we had entirely forgotten to provide ourselves with names suited to our complexions, and Brian was at a loss what to answer. However, his Irish impulsiveness here stood him in good stead, for after a second's pause, he replied,

"Oh! daughter of the gods, thy servant's name is Brianus, and this thy servant," indicating myself, "is called Nimrash."

I devoutly hoped that I might remember that last fact.

We told the maiden, whose name she informed us was Nitocris, of the great Queen whose subjects we were, describing as best we could the gathering of all nations at her jubilee. Of course we called her the Empress of India, and succeeded in thoroughly interesting our hostess. She, in her turn, explained to us some of the ceremonial we should have to take part in, for which we were most grateful.

It must have been about midnight when Shalmanzar came to bid us to the High Priest's presence, and told us we were to be allowed to take part in the hymn to the divine Hea.

Brian did not know what to do, for he whispered to me that it was a clear case of idolatry, and his conscience forbade his taking part in it as such. I am afraid, much as I admired his courage,

"Ha ! sayest thou so ? What god is there who does not acknowledge Hea's supremacy ?"

"My lord, have patience with thy servant, if he recall to thy mind those words written on the wall of old, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*,—It is the God of Daniel that I worship."

"My son, thou hast spoken well ; that prophecy indeed, was fulfilled, and far



NITOCRIS

I was distinctly cross with him at the time, for I feared the result of his refusal.

"Most gracious lord," he began when the old priest told us the part assigned to us, "thy servant, while deeply conscious of the honour thou dost confer upon him, yet begs thy indulgence in this matter, since the God of his fathers has forbidden him to sacrifice to any other god save Himself.

be it from me to speak against this, thy God."

So the matter ended, much to my relief and Brian's.

The ceremonial at which we were allowed to be present, though not taking part in it, was of the stately order that one would have expected from a religion whose followers have existed for more than 3,000 years. It consisted chiefly in chanting long litanies invoking the

various elements, and ending with a direct prayer to Hea himself. Libations of wine were also offered, incense was burnt in golden vessels in front of the golden altar of their chief deity.

After this was ended, we were allowed to retire for the night, couches being spread for us in another chamber.

Brian and I sat talking for some time, but only in whispers, not knowing how many ears the walls might have. We resolved to ask permission to fetch various articles from our camp the next day, and by this means to prevent any of our escort searching for us.

With some difficulty, our request was granted, and after being blindfolded and led out by some entrance we had never seen, we once more found ourselves in the Syrian desert. Our Arabs evinced surprise at our long absence, but we informed them that we had had a summons from one of the spirits who haunt the neighbourhood, to visit it again that same night, but by ourselves. By this means, we felt certain of keeping our followers from awkward investigations, since they have a mortal dread of ghosts.

This time, we took with us the photographic things and my gramophone.

As the sun sank behind the last sand-hill, we stood in the tunnel, by the door, and tapped seven times, when once again it opened to us. That night, the High Priest promised to show us some of the magic of which the secret remains a mystery to all Western nations to this day.

Whilst partaking of our evening meal, Nitocris told me (who by the way, was now the most favoured of the two), that there was an ancient prophecy that a white lord should come and reveal to her people mysteries unknown to them, and in return, if so be that a Chaldean maiden should, of her own free will, bestow her love on him, be initiated into the secrets of the past, and by some means restore the wisdom of the Ancients to the modern world, thus reviving their honour before the eyes of all men.

Such, as nearly as I can remember, were the terms of this decree, and to me it seemed as if the fulfilment might now be at hand. But one thing stood

in the way: it was quite evident to me, that Brian had lost his heart to this daughter of Chaldea, and I am afraid that it was equally clear that for her part she preferred me.

That night I spoke to Brian, and insisted that he should get the stain off himself, and appear as the white lord they were to expect.

The following day, when Nitocris brought us our breakfast in the smaller hall, Brian advanced to meet her, his face undisguised, and a brighter smile than ever in his dark blue eyes.

The maiden started, and asked with trembling voice what had happened.

"This has happened, O jewel of the East," responded Brian in his suavest tones; "thou didst declare to us that prophecy last night, and I resolved to deceive you no longer. I am the white lord that should come, and behold, I will show you unheard of mysteries."

"Why then, didst thou play a part, my lord?" asked the maiden.

"Because, lady, I knew not of this prophecy, and judged that I should be the more readily received if I came as an Eastern."

"I hasten to acquaint my father, then, of my lord's coming," and with a low bow, the girl vanished.

"I am afraid, Brian, there is trouble in store for you ere you win the girl. Shalmanzar will have to be dealt with, if I mistake not."

"He! why, Nitocris will not look at him."

"That, my friend, is of little moment if he looks at her. I only warn you; poisons and daggers are no new-fangled toys."

"Thanks, Ted, I will take care, though I have once or twice thought that you were likely to prove my most dangerous rival."

"I! No indeed; am I not the faithful friend of the white lord?" and I made a mock bow, to hide the tell-tale colour that rose to my cheeks, for I must confess my pulses beat quicker when the maiden was near, and it was only loyalty to the friend who had stood beside me in so many trials, and more than once saved my life at the risk of his own, that prevented my trying to win Nitocris for myself.

"Well, Ted, I am glad to hear it is so," he replied gravely. "Ah, here comes the priest."

"My daughter has brought me word that thou art the white lord; but thou must prove it, Brianus, or bear the punishment of a spy."

Brian seemed transformed in his new character, for drawing himself up to his full height, he replied haughtily,

"Know, oh priest, that I am ready to prove my words. Summon thy brethren, and let them tell me if there is one among them that can draw a picture of a man's skeleton so accurately, that if he have any bone broken, he can state the exact locality of the injury."

"Canst thou do this?" asked the old man anxiously.

"Summon all thy people, and thou shalt then see," came the dignified response.

It evidently impressed the Chaldean, for he hastened to obey the command, much to my astonishment.

Brian and I set about getting the Röntgen rays into working order, so that when Nitocris bade us follow her to the great hall, we had all in readiness.

One of the old men stated his willingness to have a representation made of his skeleton.

Upon developing the film we found the reason; the man was born with six toes on one foot.

Brian's reputation was firmly established after this, even Nitocris glanced less often in my direction. I entreated the High Priest to show us the magic he had promised.

"Is such thy pleasure, my lord?" asked he of Brian, entirely ignoring me.

Brian signified that such was his wish.

As I mentioned before, the old man carried an ivory wand. This he now proceeded to whisper over, ending with the words,

"By the Spirit of the air, I conjure thee."

"By the Spirit of the earth I conjure thee."

Scarcely had the words left his lips, than, to my horror, I beheld no longer a wand, but a great serpent, which twined its head lovingly round the old man's wrist.

Ah! you laugh, yet, on my honour as

an Englishman, I declare to you this thing is true. I cannot tell you how it was done, but both I and Brian saw it, without a shadow of doubt.

"Is it your desire to see any more?" asked the old man.

Brian again intimated that such was his pleasure.

"Then look upon me, and move not your eyes from my face," commanded the priest in clarion tones, rising to his feet and extending the ivory sceptre towards us. We obediently fixed our gaze upon him, and waited for the result. I am bound to say, that for my part, a cold shiver ran all down my back as I encountered the glowing light of his fierce black eyes, and Brian afterwards confessed to me that he felt precisely the same thing. The sage continued to glower upon us for some seconds in silence, then suddenly he broke into a low chant, at first so faint, that it seemed like the distant breath of wind in the pine-trees, then gradually swelling in volume till it grew into a majestic harmony, that rolled in mighty echoes through the vast and lofty hall. He swayed to and fro as he sang, his eyes gleaming like carbuncles in the dim light, whilst a strange white radiance surrounded his form. We felt paralysed, neither Brian nor I could move a step nor turn our gaze aside. Then all at once the weird chant ceased, and a thick darkness seemed to fall upon the hall.

"Look upon the rocky wall on your left hand," cried a voice like a distant trumpet, while we felt, rather than saw, the ivory sceptre pointing towards us. We looked, and behold! the mass of alabaster seemed to roll aside like a cloud of mist, and presently a picture was revealed to our wondering eyes.

The scene was Brian's country home in Ireland. We saw the picturesque old house of grey stone, bathed in glorious sunshine, the red-tinted Virginian creeper with which it was covered, waving to and fro in the breeze, while the birds chirped and fluttered on the roof. Then the door opened, and we saw Brian's mother come out with a letter in her hand. It was from her son, and we saw a tear course down her cheek as she read.

I heard Brian utter an exclamation, and instantly the picture clouded over, while the same trumpet-voice cried :

"It is thus that I read thy thoughts, O stranger!"

Then the thick darkness fell on us once more with a sound as of mighty rushing waters, whilst the ground rose and fell beneath our feet, and we seemed to be hurled to the floor.

When I opened my eyes, the High Priest was lying back exhausted on his throne, with his daughter bending over him, and Brian was sitting up on the floor looking at me with a rueful countenance.

When things had once more resumed their normal aspect I approached the throne and bent my knee, saying, "My lord, has thy servant permission to show thee one of the wonders of modern times?" The old man gave his assent, and Brian and I fetched the gramophone from the inner chamber, and placed it on one of the golden tables that stood in the great hall. At a sign from me, Brian began :

"Know, oh most wise among the ancients, that the God of Daniel is worshipped by the Queen of the land from whence I come; know also, that Her Majesty has reigned for more than sixty years, and, as was fitting on the sixtieth anniversary, she and her people assembled at the great temple of the capital, to raise a hymn of thanksgiving to their God. This chant you shall now hear."

The Chaldees gazed at each other awestruck, but said no word.

I tuned the instrument to reproduce the "Te Deum," and then moved away from the table.

Presently, there floated through the building those grand strains of organ, band, and voices that had once broken the stillness of St. Paul's, and moved by some spirit mightier than themselves, those Chaldees rose to their feet. Louder and louder pealed the organ, the trumpets blared forth their notes of triumph, and the voices of that magnificent choir rang through the building, where for ages had been heard only chants sung to heathen gods.

The effect was stupendous; involuntarily Brian and I blended our voices

with those issuing from that wonderful instrument, for the price I had paid in order to get one of the highest perfection, had not been wasted. It electrified even us.

When it was ended, a deep silence fell on the whole assembly, broken at last by Nitocris, who, approaching us, took Brian's hand in hers and placed it on her forehead.

This, I understood, was meant to signify that she acknowledged him as her lord and master, and I saw the fulfilment of that prophecy at hand. Shalmanzar saw it also, for he swiftly glided behind the girl, and when Brian put out his other hand to raise her from the ground, I saw the flash of steel as a blade passed under my unfortunate friend's arm, and he staggered back. I caught him in my arms and laid him gently on the floor, to see the extent of his injury. Like a tigress robbed of her young, Nitocris turned upon Shalmanzar and broke a phial of what proved a deadly poison, right on his mouth. It had all taken place too rapidly for any one to interfere, and the doomed man sank with a curse not a yard from where his victim lay.

Brian's wound was a nasty one, and I could not stop the bleeding. Unluckily, I had left my medicine-chest in the camp, and dare not leave him to fetch it. I explained this to Nitocris, who at once offered to go herself. Yet here another difficulty presented itself—would it be safe to allow the girl to go into the midst of the Arabs? If anything should happen to her, I should never know another day's happiness. I decided that the only thing was for me to go myself, and leave her in charge of her lover. The old man was much distressed at what had happened, and offered to bind up Brian's wound whilst I went for my things. Reluctantly I assented, and my mind once made up, requested them to show me the swiftest way out. This one of the old men did, this time without blindfolding me. I ran as fast as I could to my tent, secured the chest, and sped back again, having been gone under an hour. Imagine my horror at seeing Nitocris lying beside Brian with a wound in her arm. For a moment I thought there had

been some foul play, but I quickly saw my mistake. The old priest dreaded the white lord dying, lest a curse should fall on his people, and seeing how exhausted he was with loss of blood, had resolved that his daughter should save his life at the risk of her own. The blood from the girl's arm was flowing into Brian's veins, and gradually the livid colour of his face was resuming a more normal hue, whilst that of the girl was getting a dull grey. I could not look on at this, so taking a powerful stimulant from the medicine chest, I

learnt to love the girl whose life-blood now coursed through his veins. Thank God, I had strength given me to bear my pain in secret, but it left its mark, for though I am not yet forty, my hair is white as snow.

When he was strong enough, I told Brian how his life had been saved, and nothing would satisfy him but that I should fetch Nitocris to him, and the High Priest with her.

As they entered, he raised himself on one arm and held out his hand to the girl, who moved swiftly forward to find



"MY FRIEND WILL NEVER KNOW HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE THE GIRL."

forced it between the maiden's teeth, and then proceeded with the binding-up of her arm. I stopped the bleeding of both wounds with collodion, and soon my efforts were rewarded by signs of returning life in both my patients.

Gently I raised Nitocris in my arms, and conveyed her to another chamber, lest the sight of her should excite Brian. I told her she had saved his life, and a smile of content showed she understood. During the weary days that followed before he was well enough to leave his couch, my time was divided between the two.

My friend will never know how I

herself drawn close to his heart, whilst his lips sought hers.

"See," I said, controlling my voice as best I could, "the prophecy is fulfilled, for the Chaldean maiden, of her own free will, has given herself to the white lord."

The old man bowed his head, and laying one hand on his daughter's head, called Hea to witness that the day had come when, by the union of past and present greatness, wisdom should once more abound upon earth.

I then told him what Brian and myself had thought over, in reference to the fulfilment of the conditions of the

prophecy, namely, that we should establish a college for the promotion of Chaldean learning, in which these old men should be the professors.

Little more remains to be told. Brian and Nitocris now live half the year at that same college, to which the savants of the whole world resort, and for the rest spend their time at the home of the Maturins in Ireland, where I know a ready welcome always awaits me from my old friend and his lovely wife.

The college was built chiefly at my expense, for being a bachelor, and possessed of a large fortune, I could afford to gratify my desire for the furtherance of Chaldean learning.

Most of the other expenses, apart from the fabric, have been defrayed by the treasure of which the old men had been the appointed guardians, and which they placed at my disposal for the benefit of the college which was to restore fame to their ancient race.

On her wedding-day, Nitocris had given me a talisman of priceless value. It was a large ruby, on which was engraved the secret name of the god Hea, a charm which was said to have belonged to Nebuchadnezzar himself, having been given him by the Jewish Daniel. Certainly the characters inscribed on it spelt the word "Jehovah," whilst the potency of the charm has been tested frequently during my wanderings through the deserts, for in spite of Bedouins, fevers, treachery, and sunstroke, I have come out unscathed—owing, my Chaldean friends say, to that same talisman.

Of the purely technical outcome of my investigations, you will find the result in records at the British Museum, whilst the truth of this story can be verified by Brian and Mrs. Maturin, as well as by the professors at the Beresford College of Birs Nimroud.



A Trip among the Dutchmen

WRITTEN BY RICHARD I. J. IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



WITH the broiling heats of mid-summer comes the inevitable longing of the wearied Londoner for a breath of country, if not of sea air.

If he chances to meet a friend in Piccadilly or Oxford Street, after the sun has passed the summer solstice, the very first question asked after the inevitable "cooler" is:—

"When do you take your holidays, and where do you think of going?"

Every one nowadays, from the duke to the crossing-sweeper, takes his holidays; and the pages of "Cook" or "Gaze" are eagerly scanned by the intending voyager, with a view to finding out some tour that will not exceed the modest sum of money at his command.

Personally, I had abandoned all hope of making such a discovery, and was peacefully enjoying the hospitality of some Irish friends, when, as luck would have it, I got the offer of a berth in a well-appointed cargo steamer trading between Dublin and the Dutch ports, and need I say that I thankfully "jumped at" the opportunity of making a trip to Holland. So, taking with me my camera and my bicycle, I was soon steaming out of the river Liffey and bound for the land of canals and trees.

There is nothing I consider more enjoyable than a sea voyage, so, although many of my readers might not have relished this portion of the trip as much as I did, I may be excused for remarking that I simply revelled in every hour that we were afloat. Instead of having to "rough it," as I was prepared to do, I found the food and accommodation were excellent of their kind, and I afterwards parted with sincere regret from

our jovial captain and his kind-hearted crew.

At any rate, I awoke one morning to find our good ship safely moored alongside the "Willems Kade" of Rotterdam.

Surrounding us on all sides were the ships and steamers of almost every nation under heaven, while the "fairway" of the port was constantly occupied by funny little tug-boats and launches, whose steering-gear consisted of a horizontal wheel presided over by a man or boy in a flat peaked cap, who presented the appearance of a hungry mariner seated at a round table and anxiously awaiting the arrival of his food.

And then there were the Dutch "lighters" taking cargo to and from the ships, and from their want of height and great length looking for all the world like so many aquatic *dachshunds*.

I may mention in passing that these "lighters," although little more than ten or twelve feet wide, are frequently over three hundred feet long, and are capable of carrying the entire cargo of a large ship.

Another peculiar feature of their construction is the deck-house on the stern, the dwelling-place of the crew, which usually consists of a man and his wife with their daughters; the sons (if grown up) being owners or at least "masters" of boats of their own.

I am ashamed to say that before setting foot on Dutch soil I had to refer to the atlas to freshen up my scanty knowledge of this truly wonderful and comparatively unknown country, and I there found amongst other things that we had arrived in "The Maas," which is one of the mouths of the more celebrated river Rhine.

The "Willems Kade" may be taken

as a fair example of the general arrangement of the quays, not only in Rotterdam, but in most of the other Dutch towns; and we see at a glance how Mynheer Van Dunk, without leaving the solid comforts of his stately mansion, can personally superintend the loading and unloading of his ships as he complacently enjoys the solace of his beloved pipe.

Like the rest of Holland, Rotterdam is largely intersected by canals, having quays overshadowed by trees and quaint draw-bridges leading from side to side of the water-ways. In some places indeed we find the canal occupying the entire space between the houses, and in such cases the effect of the boats belonging to the houses and the door-steps at the water's edge cannot but remind one of the more stately Venice, even though the picturesque gondola be absent.

Although the Dutch roads are as a rule good as well as level, the streets of Rotterdam will never become popular with the English cyclist; as, in addition to the cobble paving being rough and uneven, the traffic is often congested, and one has to get into the way of always keeping to the right, the same as in Paris and other continental cities. A great exception, however, to the uneven roads of Rotterdam is "The Park," which is open to cyclists at all hours, and the beautifully laid-out carriage drives of which pass through a veritable paradise of exquisitely-kept flower-beds, surrounded on all sides by leafy woods and ornamented with water, spanned here and there by rustic bridges.

A ramble through the streets affords much pleasurable information, and gives a wonderful insight into the manners and customs of this singular people, so remarkable at all times for their thrift and cleanliness.

Immediately outside every house, for instance, we invariably find the brass coupling for the hose-pipe, with which the footway and the house-front receives its morning wash, though in contradistinction to this excellent arrangement it is by no means unusual (even in the middle of the day, and in the principal streets) to be obliged to step into the roadway to avoid a pair of servants who

have come out to beat a carpet spread over a tressle, which they have planted down in the very middle of the sidewalk.

The arrangement for carrying the telegraph wires across the towns in Holland, is one of those which is undoubtedly superior to the crude method adopted at home. The telegraph-pole (if I may so call it) is composed of a tapering iron lattice, excessively light and graceful in appearance, and springs from a moulded pedestal similar in design to the base of a statue.

One's first impressions on entering a foreign country are usually those in connection with the general appearance and dress of the inhabitants, but here in Holland nothing very striking in this respect is noticeable, and anything that does attract the eye has invariably to do with the clothes worn by the lower orders.

The dress of the men, indeed, is almost identical with that of the French peasant—blue blouses, flat caps, and wooden sabots—but the headdresses of the women (more especially the older ones, and those from Zeeland) are oftentimes picturesque as well as peculiar. The groundwork, so to speak, is fine white linen, which, completely covering the hair, falls loosely on the shoulders, and is surmounted by a species of helmet made from the precious metals, which latter, encircling the head as far as the cheek, finishes with two pyramidal spirals worn on either temple. Even among the older women, however, this species of head-gear is fast dying out, and—*O tempora, O mores!*—the younger ones sometimes wear a modern toque or bonnet on top of it.

Another pleasing custom of the Dutch streets is the way in which the itinerant vendors announce their wares. Instead of the discordant and oftentimes unintelligible cries which we are accustomed to at home, these perambulating salesmen advertise their merchandise with a rich musical intonation similar to that at one time adopted by a well-known dispenser of "brandy balls" in our London streets.

We also find in Holland that the dog, as well as being the companion of man, is also the useful sharer of his toil, as



THE "GRÖEN MARKT" OF THE HAGUE

under almost all the hand-carts used by butchers and bakers, etc., the owner's canine friend, attired in suitable harness, is yoked to the little cart, which he materially assists in bringing along, an occasional "*Goot dag*" being his only incitement to labour. Dogs and goats, indeed, either separately or in pairs, are also to be seen drawing both children's carriages and the smaller types of vegetable and milk-carts, without any assistance from their masters.

These phases of street habits and customs being by no means confined to Rotterdam, I have here described them more fully than I might otherwise have done; but before passing on from that city I must draw attention to its really fine *Bier Garde*, or horticultural and zoological gardens, which, like its "Park," are at this time of the year one mass of exquisite flowers and foliage, while the animals (of which there is a splendid collection) are housed in dwellings as sweetly and as beautifully kept as are those of the inhabitants themselves.

One other feature of interest in Rotterdam is its extensive system of one-horse tramcars, which appear in some of the preceding views, and which enable one to go from end to end of the town for the modest sum of 12½ cents (twopence-halfpenny). These

trams, which are entirely open during the summer months, run at frequent intervals and completely take the place of the London "bus." Availing ourselves of one of them as far as the "Central Station," I and my friends took train for "The Hague," the seat of the Government and the residence of the youthful Queen Wilhelmina.

In "The Hague" the visitor is immediately struck by the absence of commerce and business traffic, which are everywhere so noticeable in Rotterdam. Here we seem to have left the merchants and their cargoes behind us, and to be mixing with the "upper ten" and the middle class of Dutch society, who perambulate the streets as if bent solely on pleasure.

A casual glance at the "Gröen Markt," or market-place, of this eminently aristocratic city is sufficient proof of my assertion, that the business element is to all intents and purposes absent from the Royal City.

This open space, however, is associated with the memory of many stirring scenes in the history of "The Hague," and although most of the buildings are comparatively new, some of the older houses look what we would consider decided, unsafe, though in Holland, I may tell you, it is no uncommon circumstance to find inhabited houses

forming a very decided acute angle with the horizon.

Occupying a central position in the city is the once famous *Vijver*, or fish-pond, while bounding it on one side is the Binnenhof, an imposing red-brick building, which was at one time the residence of the Counts of Holland, but now contains the Houses of Parliament and most of the offices of State.

Of the Royal Palace I can only say that as such its street front is decidedly disappointing, as with its massive portico and entablature fronting one of the *pleins* or squares, it is only the presence of the sentries that distinguishes it from the handsome buildings in the neighbourhood. The garden front, however, and the magnificent block of buildings containing the royal stables, are more in keeping with its popular inmates.

At the corner of the Binnenhof is the world-renowned picture gallery, which contains some of the most celebrated art treasures in Europe, and which is open free to the public. Other galleries and museums of minor importance are also to be met with, and are all well worthy of a visit. Here, too, as in Rotterdam, is a splendid and well-kept "Zoo," beside which we enter on the celebrated wood (*Het Bosch*) in which is situated the historic chateau lately

occupied by the delegates to the so-called "Peace Congress."

No visit to "The Hague" is considered complete unless it embraces a trip to Scheveningen, the fashionable watering-place on the North Sea, so thither accordingly I and my friends journeyed in one of the open trams, the distance being only three miles and the road running the entire way through a beautiful wood, the branches of whose overhanging trees fanned our burning cheeks as we passed. The day, I may add, was one of overpowering heat, and although we were sorry to emerge from the grateful shade of the wood the cooling breeze from the sea was exceedingly refreshing.

Scheveningen is *par excellence* a continental watering-place of the first order, with its Kursaal and baths and the inevitable Grand Hotel facing the sea.

We also found here a couple of music-halls and a theatre, all of a "West-end" type; while in the largesquare behind the big hotel are some very inviting shops, the terminus of the different trams and "buses to "The Hague" (there are also steam and electric trams), and some merry-go-rounds and swing-boats for the delectation of the children and the more frivolous of the visitors.

The principal feature, however, of



GRAND HOTEL AND PROMENADE, SCHEVENINGEN

Scheveningen is its lovely sandy beach studded with bathing-boxes, and its promenade, where, mingling with the rank, beauty and fashion of the Dutch metropolis are to be seen many of our own fair countrywomen, always conspicuous by their elegance of attire and that unmistakable grace and beauty which causes the foreigner to turn with admiring and envious look.

Some of the curiosities of Scheveningen (which unfortunately do not appear in the views) are the promenade chairs which are hired out for the comfort of visitors who wish to sit and read or otherwise amuse themselves, without

river boats belonging to Messrs. Fop, Smidt, & Co.

Arrived at the quay, the visitor is confronted by the tramcar which starts from the boat's side and emerges from the arched entrance of the old *Stadhuis*, under which it passes, the said building being of great antiquity and historical interest and now used as a library and museum.

At best, however, Dordrecht is but a small town, and unless one has business at the railway station (to which the tramcar runs) the sight-seeing upon leaving the boat is best done on foot.

Turning to the right and passing over



CANAL IN DORDRECHT

being exposed to the inconveniences of cold or heat. They are made of basket-work, and exactly resemble in shape the hall-porter's chair of the London mansion, so that, being provided with a hood, the occupant can so arrange his position as to be always independent of sun, rain, or wind.

Our next visit was to Dordrecht, one of the oldest and most quaintly picturesque towns in Holland. Its distance from Rotterdam (by road) is about twelve English miles, but the non-cyclist can reach it either by rail or by steamer, the latter being a most enjoyable trip occupying about an hour and a-half, and made in one of the luxurious

one of those quaint old draw-bridges that look as if they had at one time spanned the moat that afforded protection to a fortified castle, we soon come upon the *Groote Kerke*, which is the most conspicuous object in the town and is a cathedral dating from the twelfth century, in a portion of which the Sunday service is still held.

Its tower, like so many other of the Dutch buildings, is very considerably out of the perpendicular, and would sorely exercise the minds of some of our L.C.C. building inspectors. When, however, we have become as satisfied as to its stability as we are with reference to the Tower of Pisa, we reach the summit by

a dark climb of some three hundred steps, and having gained the topmost platform are rewarded by an excellent view of the surrounding country, and of the town itself, which looks like a gigantic map spread out at our feet.

Unfortunately for me the weather during my short stay in Holland was so intensely hot that my cycle was not as useful as I had hoped. However, by making an early start, and thus escaping the blaze of the noonday sun, I was enabled to turn it to good account and derive much pleasure from spins to Delft, with its sixteenth and seventeenth century buildings, and to Schiedam, where the gin which we know as "Hollands" is so extensively made.

Indeed, it is an astounding fact to bear in mind that in the latter town (which is of very moderate proportions) there are no less than three hundred distilleries for the manufacture of this spirit, while great numbers of pigs and fowl are annually fattened on the grains that remain after the process is com-

pleted. Here also, as elsewhere in Holland, one is confronted with the windmills—two and three in a row—which are constantly occupied either in grinding the local corn or in keeping in check the surrounding waters of the North Sea.

All our brightest and happiest days in this world are, however, doomed to come to an end, and to leave us at eve with only the pleasures of recollection (assisted by a few photographs) to remind us of the places we have been to and the agreeable hours we have there spent.

Thus it came about that one afternoon the whistle of my steamer sounded, and my "trip among the Dutchmen" came to an end.

In looking back upon it, however, I have but few things to regret in the way of omissions, and if I could but impart to others one-third of the information and pleasure I myself derived from my holidays, I would feel more than satisfied.



Literature Notes of a Few Old Inns

WRITTEN BY CHARLES TEST DALTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



AN inn becomes famous from the class of people who frequent it, and many an old inn swells with pride in thinking over its old days, and when it remembers some of the literary men who have talked, drank and laughed within its walls. The fame of this inn spreads when it is known that Dr. Johnson, that Dickens or Thackeray, used to frequent its table; and we walk into these old places with veneration, many of them tottering from old age and from the mass of lies which they must support to retain their reputation. Exaggeration is truly a contagious disease—it spreads. We like to think that Shakespeare used to drink in such an inn—we should not object to drinking out of the same cup, whether made of brass or alloy. It gives us a feverish palpitation to rub our boots on the same old rug where Pope rubbed his muddy boots, and to think in the same seat where Dr. Johnson was accustomed to think—true it is a beastly hard seat and fits no one except the Doctor. We will put up with any inconvenience, eat anything placed before us, and allow no one to complain. Dr. Johnson was a gourmandiser, those kind of beings who have stuffed so much, at uncertain times, that they have killed their sensitive nerve of taste. Few great authors are authorities upon dinner parties—in fact, their friends continually make excuses for their fast eating and bad manners; but being a privileged class, these small things are overlooked and their most trivial conversation is applauded and noted by some Boswell in embryo. Still we wish to eat in the same uncouth fashion and as nearly as possible the same food. Let our West End caterer spread this sort of stuff before us and we would leave him at once. Why do we not ride in a coach from London to

Edinburgh? You say the distance is too long, you have no time for this kind of foolishness; but if you could ride in the coach in which William the Conqueror rode you would undertake the journey. If you could find the horse on which Julius Cæsar rode from St. Pancras to the North of England you would ride the distance. There is little doubt that the horse is still in London, branded “J.C.” if history is correct; it only remains for some one to discover him. If horses could talk—some on the North London trams—English history would not need to have been written.

The traditions clinging to an old inn, not feebly, but with a vice-like grip, are probable and improbable—mostly improbable. Each new waiter embellishes the traditions of the past with a few of his own invention. Gifted with a cockney accent and an imagination prompted by mercenary motives, he soon devises a tale for new customers. It is easy, and makes him popular; and, sad to relate, his position as resident visitor in any particular inn is regulated by the degree of his popularity. To reduce the waiter to a mathematical theorem we perceive that he is a mean proportional between his popularity and the exit door. The careful waiter should have several stories, to use upon various customers as the spirit of discretion moves him.

As an example we will place the scene in “Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese.” Waiter, anxiously awaiting a customer—more anxiously awaiting a tip, and most anxiously awaiting a larger tip. Enter a pale, apathetic young man.

“Ah,” thinks the waiter, “he is pale and has a worried look about him; this young man must be a lover or a gambler, he evidently smokes cigarettes.”

Smirking and smiling, the waiter takes the order of the young man and then proceeds to unfold his tale.

"Pardon me, sir, but hin the seat where you his sitting, the venerable Doctor Johnson was haccustomed to take his libations."

"Yes," mutters the young man, "I read that story in the almanac."

"But, hasking your pardon, sir, I was going to tell you a pretty little love story, which goes to show the magnanimity of heart ensconced hin the venerable Doctor."

"Really!" and the young man looked up in surprise.

"This story," continued the waiter, "has been handed down in our family

Doctor. Soon a pretty young girl henters and ax's if this be Doctor Johnson.

"It is, young woman, and your humble servant."

"Sir"—and the young girl hung her head—"I live in Titchfield, and ran away with my young man; we were married, and now he has gone away and left me. At home every one talks of you, and I knew you were haccustomed to dine . . . Then the girl broke down here and cried.

"Tut, tut!" said the Doctor, it is presumptuous for us to base our major



JACK STRAW'S CASTLE

for generations. My great-great-great-grandfather was a waiter here. Hit his the custom 'ere, you see."

"The story ought to be ripe by this time," and the young man smiled in an encouraging manner.

"Hi don't know, sir, wat you means by ripe, but hits gospel truth. One hevening the venerable Doctor came into this inn and sat down to his supper. About nine o'clock the waiter comes to the Doctor and tells him that a young lady insists upon seein' 'im.

"Show her in, you rascal," shouts the

premise hupon evidence of this untrustworthy kind. He is probably lost."

"Large words, these, for a waiter," thought the youth; "he has learned his lesson well."

"And what happened then?" and the youth smiled.

"The young lady, she begged to differ with the Doctor, and said that Frank had been to London twice and knew it thoroughly.

"No," quoth the Doctor, 'youth is prone to consider himself han h'Adelphi hof wisdom. Mark you, young woman,

the lad his lost, but we will hendeavour to find 'im.'

"So the venerable Doctor went hout with the girl and they searched for the young man. Hafter several 'ours they returned with the lost 'usband, and then, sir, they 'ad supper with the Doctor hand he gave 'em a good talking to. You see what a good man he was, sir, hand believe me, hall this is gospel truth, sir."

"Nice story," said the young man, and he smiled again, "but it does not interest me. I do not care for the love affairs of people, unless they die of love, that interests me more."

"But may I hask, begging your pardon, in what business you hare hengaged in?"

"I am an undertaker," said the apathetic young man; and the waiter fainted, while the young man walked out of the inn.

Of London inns, "Jack Straw's Castle" is of importance to the admirers of Charles Dickens. He wrote to John Forster as follows: "You don't feel disposed, do you, to muffle yourself up and start off with me for a good brisk walk over Hampstead Heath? I know

a good house there where we can have a red-hot chop for dinner and a glass of good wine." "This note," adds Forster, "led to our first experience of 'Jack Straw's Castle,' memorable for many happy meetings in coming years."

In this Hampstead district the "Bull and Bush" is well worth remembering, as a rendezvous for Addison and several of his friends. It is a quiet, shady place, and seems far away from London.

To return to Doctor Johnson: we consider the proof of his connection with Staples Inn and St. John's Gate to be authentic, without a doubt.

Staples Inn is of the time of James I., and the old style of architecture is the finest remaining specimen in the City. It is mentioned in "Edwin Drood," and it was here that Johnson, in the course of a week, wrote "Rasselas"—a little story book, he called it.

St. John's Gate, at the side of which stands "The Old Jerusalem Tavern," is by far the most important of Johnson landmarks. The arch above is a magnificent piece of work, and the room above the arch is where the Doctor wrote for Cave, the editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," and where



STAPLES INN



ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL

Garrick made his first appearance in London, playing the Mock Doctor for Mr. Cave, and assisted by several of his printers.

Another old house of interest, now turned into an inn, was formerly occupied by Sir Paul Pindar, a great City merchant of the reign of King James I. The old house is in Bishopsgate Street, adjoining the entrance to Halfmoon Street, where to-day are to be found the most beautiful ceilings in London; naturally they are mutilated, but many traces of their ancient splendour are still preserved.

Sir Paul Pindar, who owned this beautiful house, and a vast quantity of adjoining ground, was immensely wealthy. At one time he was ambassador for James I. to the Grand Legion, and aided to extend English commerce in the Levant. When Sir Paul returned to England he brought back a beautiful diamond valued at £30,000, which his royal highness wished to purchase on credit, but Sir Paul declined with thanks—he was too wise, therefore he preferred to lend his jewel to James upon special occasions. The diamond was afterwards purchased by Charles I. It was merely a leap from the frying pan into the fire.

Sir Paul held several important positions, and always gave infinite satisfaction. He was Farmer of the Customs to James I. and often supplied money to both James and Charles; despite this fact he amassed wealth rapidly and as rapidly lost it again. In the year 1639 he was worth £236,000, exclusive of his bad debts. It was Sir Paul who gave £10,000 towards repairing St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1649 King Charles was indebted to Sir Paul and the other Commissioners of the Customs to the amount of £300,000, and Parliament refused the offer of security of £100,000, and Sir Paul died indebted to a large amount. His financial affairs were left in so complicated a state that his executor, Mr. William Toomer, was unable to bear the burden of the work and committed suicide. The residence of Sir Paul Pindar was commenced in the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth, immediately upon the return of the owner from his sojourn in Italy.

Mr. T. J. Smith, in his "Topography of London," gives an excellent drawing of the first floor of this residence as it stood intact; to-day it has all been destroyed by the modern spirit of progression.

We go in search of some common household necessary, and enter a dark shop like a cavern, the dim light showing up articles of quaint form, hanging about in all directions, and are served by a person with stately manners and great solemn eyes; it is all so strangely like what we have just seen close by on an ancient Etruscan tomb, surely what is before us cannot be far removed in time from those dead people and their lives!

We wander up the principal street—

draped round them as if for a sculptor's models, laughing and talking on the pavement, be verily Astorre, Simonetto, Gismondo, Baglioni, themselves? Only we have just been reading the ghastly tale of how one night, after a wedding, they were all murdered by their own cousins, and their bodies thrown out naked into the street, while the citizens gathered round, struck more with admiration of their splendid forms than with horror at the crime!

It is true that the girls are dress-



PALAZZO PUBBLICO ORA MUNICIPALE

the Corso Vannucci, with its palaces—glance up at the windows where the red velvet cushions are arranged along the sills to accommodate the elbows of those who look out (that manner of passing time so dear to Italians of every age). There is no visible reason why those dark, damask-cheeked girls should not be the sisters and lovers of Baglioni and Oddis! And why should not that group of stately men, with cloaks

makers, or daughters of the tradesmen in the shops below; that the statuesque men are only the officers of the regiment, detailing the last club gossip; but the stranger who comes fresh to Perugia feels as though he must have passed not only into a new country, but into a different age. A picture of the whole history of Italy, with all its extraordinary inconsistencies and contrasts, seems concentrated there. Within

the short compass of half-an-hour's walk we have reminders of all the centuries since almost prehistoric times.

Buildings, solid and grand, fortress-like in strength and colour, suggesting battle and violence, stand side by side with noble churches, exquisite bas-reliefs, fairy-like tracery, loggias and balconies and frescoes that, without knowledge to the contrary, one would suppose could only be the outcome of the life of a calm and peaceful people. Neither storm nor earthquake, fire nor pestilence, nor all combined, have interfered to any great extent to alter the outward aspect of things. Streets of palaces, so narrow you can all but stretch across them, so steep that at every step there is a ragged ledge in the brick pavement, to give foothold to the mules, carrying great packs fixed on enormous wooden saddles lined with a whole sheep's fleece. Then suddenly bursts into view the loveliest picture imaginable, framed by the arch of a great gateway! Olive-covered slopes, farm-houses glittering and sparkling among groups of dark cypress, the distant violet hills, crowned here and there with white villages, the whole landscape shining through a dancing shimmer of golden light! A black charcoal-burner passes by with his laden ass; a clumsy cart comes creaking behind two immense solemn-eyed white oxen; nothing is very different to what it was in the days of the Cæsars! The open shops, with a great glowing brazier in the centre, where conversation seems to be the principal occupation, and only a little business is done by way of variety, the old woman spinning at the door, the cobbler sitting in the street, however narrow, plying his awl, the little children playing with yellow haricot beans for toys, the wine-shops, where the men sit gambling at "*Morra*," shouting all the while, like a monotonous chant, "*Due! cinque! dieci! uno!*" according to the number of fingers they throw up—all is in general outline, colour and sound, just as it was a thousand years ago.

But one thing in Perugia is changed. On the 13th of December, 1898, the Perugians assembled to hold high festival in celebration of the fiftieth

anniversary of the destruction of *their* Bastille, "*La Rocca Paolina*," the terrible memorial left to them by the great Farnese Pope, which for three hundred years had cast a shadow of oppression and fear over their city. The dungeons of the French Bastille could not tell tales of more frightful misery, nor were they more awful in their construction for the cruel torment of their wretched inmates.

"On the 30th of June, 1540," says an Italian account, "there was begun the destruction of respectable buildings, on the ruins of which was raised a superb and most useless pile, after the design of the Florentine architect, Antonio San Gallo, by the order of Paul III., in order to satisfy the fury of his beloved son, Pier Luigi Farnese, Duca di Castro, fiercely irritated against the Perugians after the Salt War."

"The Perugians," says Adolphus Trollope, "had never ceased to be a hard nut for the grinding teeth of papal tyranny to crack."

From very early times the Popes had seen that the population of Perugia was important to them; but so long as she belonged to nobody else, and did not oppose them, they were content to let her govern herself, only paying her occasional visits of friendship and patronage. But every now and then the Pope and Perugia differed, with the result that each time the papal hand took stronger hold. At last Paul III. became Pope, and being a man of large ideas, he put many irons in the fire. He wanted to help on a war against the Turk; he wanted to keep friends equally with Francis, King in France, and Charles, Emperor in Germany. Above all, he wanted to secure nice berths for his own family, in the shape of duchies and principalities up and down Italy. All these wants entailed the spending of money, and just before his reign began, the "little monk" across the Alps had been giving a great deal of trouble, upsetting people's ideas about the sale of indulgences, and Paul's funds were getting low. So he bethought him that he would raise the price of salt in his dominions, Perugia amongst them. But the Perugians did not see it. Why should they pay more for their salt?

Had not Martin V. faithfully promised them that no Pope should ever make them pay any tax beyond what Boniface IX. had required; and had not Paul himself confirmed the promise? So they refused. Paul was obstinate. If the Perugians would not pay his price for their salt, he would shut the gates of heaven upon them, he would excommunicate them!

This had happened to them before—they were accustomed to it; but this

was nothing for it but for the poor Perugians to cry "*Peccavi*," and send messengers to Rome with halters round their necks to beg for pardon. Paul forgave them; but the messengers returned with very sad news indeed, and this is the account of what happened, which Raffaele Sosi has left in his contemporary chronicle.

"The supreme Pontiff, desiring to renew the state of Perugia, and to curb for ever the ardour of the Perugians,



PANORAME DELLA CILLI VISTO DALLA CHIESA DI SAN PIETRO

time they did as the Florentines had done in Savonarola's time, they declared they would own allegiance only to Christ, and they laid the keys of the city down before their big crucifix in the cathedral, and went up and down their steepest streets in procession, weeping and wailing, praying and crying.

Then Paul sent Pier Luigi to them with an army of 13,000 men. They could get help from no one, so there

and deprive them of all opportunity of ever deflecting from their allegiance to the Holy Apostolic See, as well as to repress the tyranny of any one who, having acquired name and fame, might try to abuse his authority, and permit himself to give laws to the citizens, did resolutely determine to build a citadel in Perugia, which should always be a means to enforce a quiet life, and the rendering of due honour to the supreme Pontiff. Pier Luigi came back, and

with him Messer Antonio San Gallo, the great architect from Florence; and it was decided that the space on which stood the palaces of the great family of Baglioni should be taken, 'there not being in the city a place more convenient,' which resolution was heard by the afflicted citizens with terror and horror, knowing how much evil and grief would come to them through that fortress. Then Pier Luigi departed, leaving to the care of Monsignor della Barba, our Lord's lieutenant-general, to use his utmost diligence, and gather the materials for the building.

"Della Barba was faithful, and San Gallo was in his element. He knew his Pope; he had been employed before to build the great Farnese Palace at Rome, and he had seen that knocking down other people's buildings to get materials for his own was quite in Paul's line; for that huge pile is built of nothing but blocks of travertine, carted away from the Coliseum. San Gallo was therefore quite at home battering down all the Baglioni's palaces, ten churches, and four hundred citizens' houses, while the poor Perugians stood sadly by. How they must have wished that they had been willing to pay more for their salt, as they saw each bastion carefully placed, just so that a gun from this one could sweep down their principal street, from another destroy every house in their principal square, while a third commanded the road to the city, so that help could never reach it. Day by day they watched the monster castle grow in size and awfulness, "the lower dungeons accessible only by a circular opening in the pavement of the less dreadful dungeons above them, the fearful cells constructed in the thickness of the colossal masonry in such devilish sort, that the wretches who had dared to question the deeds of Christ's Vicar on Earth, once introduced into the cavity through apertures barely sufficient to admit a crawling figure, could neither stand nor sit in them."*

The Italian's tale continues. "And the Fortress Paulina not only during

the successive years of the pontificate of its founder, who returned several times to Perugia to enjoy the sight of his work, served the intention which he had proposed to himself, and from the arrival of Cardinal Crispo, successor to the despotic Cardinal della Barba in 1545, there commenced truly for us the repose of slavery."

For three centuries it remained an "*incubo maestoso*," sending up to heaven its cloud of groans and sighs and tears, and souls to swell the noble army of martyrs—"those that had been slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held, who cried with a great voice, saying, 'How long, O Master, the holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?'"

But in 1848 a wave of revolution, a struggle for liberty, passed over Italy. Pio Nono had to fly from Rome to the protection of Ferdinand of Naples, and the Perugians seized the opportunity to obtain a faculty from the *pro tem.* Minister of War, to demolish the hated sign and engine of their slavery. The work began on the 13th of December of that year, in the presence of all the magistracy, the civic guard, and the assembled citizens, and by a strange coincidence the first blow of the hammer was given by Count Benedette Baglioni as Chief Magistrate, the houses of whose ancestors had been destroyed to make room for the great fortress.

Paul's cement was of such marvellous strength, and the walls of such thickness, that the destruction was a work of time, but it was accomplished at last. Of the Rocca Paolina not one stone remains upon another, and there is nothing in the great block of modern buildings, with gardens around, which meets the traveller on his first entrance to the city, to recall that they stand on the site of that huge monument of tyranny.

But the Perugians do not forget, and on the 13th of December, 1898, they joyfully assembled to celebrate the jubilee of the great work of destruction. There were many among them who themselves had taken part in it in their youth, and the chief function of the day was the unveiling of a marble slab,

*From an account by T. A. Trollope, who visited the fortress before its destruction.

fixed on the walls of the Prefettura, to record for ever the story of their victory.

The inscription runs thus :—

"Here, where resides the Council of the Province and the Prefect of the National Government—on an area still more vast—arose, designed by Antonio San Gallo, the strong Fortress which Paul III.—Farnese—caused to be constructed by decree in 1540.

"AD COERCENDAM PERUSINORUM
AUDACIAM.

"On the 13th December, 1848, Perugia—always impatient under the

yoke—began the destruction of the bulwarks of tyranny. And the Count Benedette Baglioni, Gonfaloniere—by the overthrow of the first stone of the Edifice raised on the ruins of the houses of his own ancestors—witnessed to a new era. The Demolition—interrupted by a decade of fears and hopes, between the days of Novara and San Martino, from 1860 to 1870—was renewed and completed when Italy became Italian.

"Fifty years after, the veterans who had fought in their country's battles—approved by the Municipality—placed this record for posterity.

"December 13th, 1898."



A SONNET TO—

RED are thy lips as is the reddest wine,
Brighter thine eyes than Summer's fairest day;
Oft in thy hair the sunbeams love to play,
Knowing not where they may more sweetly shine;
Thy graceful form, human and yet divine,
Thy silvery tones, softer than any brook
That murmurs low in some sequestered nook,
Breathe forth a fragrance that is wholly thine.

Such gifts 'twas Nature's pleasure to bestow
On thee the purest flower that she could find,
Gifts from their mistress which shall ne'er depart,
Nor change with changing years of grief and woe;
Love's chains alone shall thy sweet spirit bind,
Queen of my life and goddess of my heart.

D O.

We ascended gradually under the Monti Rossi, small volcanic cones that were raised during the eruption of 1879, the mules picking their way with surest feet among the scattered masses of lava.

We had not proceeded, however, more than a few miles, when the sky became suddenly barred with long dark lines of cloud, and at the same time a violent wind arose. It was already light enough to see that, up above us, matters looked anything but

summit; and that great risk might be run if the ascent were made during a changeable wind, owing to the uncertainty of knowing on which side the sulphurous fumes would descend. It was mainly this last point which decided us to abandon the ascent for the day, and to await the improvement that a night might bring. We therefore selected a suitable halting-place for pitching our light silk tent, and sent the mule boys down to Nicolosi for extra blankets and provisions, wood and water.



OUR CAMPING GROUND FOR THE NIGHT

promising. Great clouds and wreaths of fine snow were now and again carried up and swirled about like smoke, and everywhere around us was a dull roar of wind.

I looked at Carlo, but he gave no sign. I was fully aware that he knew the notorious fickleness of the mountain and its weather; and Baedeker had earlier impressed me with the fact that the wrath of Enceladus could at times be quite terrible; that, even on a calm day, blankets were a necessity on the

In the meantime we fixed up the tent, and soon had a good fire. We mulled a little red "Corvo," and attacked with some vigour a fowl, which Carlo declared had lived too long. We then laid ourselves out to sleep, and slept so soundly that we did not hear the arrival of the boys, some five hours later, with a mule heavily laden with stores. The weather had already improved; the sun was high in the sky, and there was not a breath of wind.

The afternoon passed more rapidly

than we had anticipated, and towards sunset we enjoyed a magnificent view over the southern slopes of Etna, while the distance beyond was bathed in a pink and purple haze.

The stillness up here was very marked. Not a bird, not an animal—for even the lizards had gone to their nests for the night. The only active thing was the volcano itself, whose clouds of smoke came rolling out of the crater, and coiling upwards in the evening air, undisturbed by any breath of wind. It was quite dusk when Carlo brought in a bundle of faggots for a fire, and we rigged up a lantern light on one of the tent poles. We were soon seated round a cauldron of steaming soup, which was followed by roast fowl and hot wine.

After we had all supped, the boys brought boughs of juniper and some layers of hay, and arranged our "beds" for the night, and as we disposed of our bodies as best we could, in the hope of inducing slumber, the distant bells of Nicolosi rang out nine.

But, in spite of the nasal duet performed by Giuseppe and Giovanni, I could not sleep. My thoughts reverted to a certain cosy club in Piccadilly, and I wondered how many of my friends knew that I was at this moment lying on my back, on the cindery slopes of Etna, surrounded by glittering stars, and a solitude as of death.

The stillness, too, of that night! Not a sound, save now and again the slight crack of a burning log, or the spitting of resin from the pinewood. Even the boys had paused in their musical sleep, and were now dreaming silently.

I imagined myself to be the only one awake, when Carlo suddenly raised himself on his elbow, and asked permission to light a cigarette. I readily granted the request, and was not sorry to smoke myself, for sleep seemed far away from me. So we raked together the embers, and replenished the fire, and chatted over our tobacco. Our conversation naturally turned upon the climb we were about to make, and Carlo was full of reminiscences.

"You will see," he continued, as he

pushed a smoking faggot further into the fire, "a distinct triangular outline of Etna lying on the Ionian Sea, as soon as ever the sun is above the horizon over Calabria. You will look down on it, and see the smoke rising from its crater, as it rises when you look above at the reality; and you will see more. To the north, Stromboli, Vulcano, and distant Ustica, will lie like boats on the water; to the south you will see the churches of Syracuse lit up by the rising sun, while down below Messina and Reggio will stand out like white sheets on the borders of the Straits, glowing in the sunlight. It is a sight one seldom sees. It is a sight that I have longed to see once more, and never dreamt I should!" Here he gave a shrug of his shoulders, and looked sadly on into the fire. I did not understand him then. I thought I did so—later on.

Presently we grew drowsy, and the fire became too hot to face longer. So we lay down again in our rugs, and were soon asleep. Giuseppe was standing over me, when I woke at two a.m., with a broad Sicilian grin on his dusky face. He said that Carlo was cooking an omelette, and that our two sacks were provendered, ready for a start. So I rose at once, and joined the others in a hurried breakfast, and by half-past two we bade the mule boys "Addio," and started off for the summit, arranging to return to camp by midday. After four hours' steady climbing, we reached the snowy plateau at the foot of the crater, and here we called a ten minutes' halt, in order to have a pull at our flasks, and eat a few biscuits. Then, putting on our woollen gloves and adjusting our leather gaiters, we renewed the ascent.

And, as we rose, the dawn broke on us, and things began to assume definite shapes. We put out the lantern, and left it, with a bottle of wine and part of our food, under a prominent rock on the route, intending to take them on our return. We could now see Catania—a vast semicircle of white houses embedded, as it were, in the arms of the lava, by which it has been already thrice destroyed, and which still hugs it around menacingly on all sides save



ORTYGIA FROM THE MAINLAND

the sea. Beyond, far down the coast, we saw Augusta, and, still farther, Ortigia. The Straits of Messina were already reddening in the dawn, and some of the houses in Messina were fire-lit by the sun. Reggio, on the opposite bank, slept still in the mist, untouched by the rising light.

Suddenly a cry from Carlo. "Viva! Viva bella Trinacria! Eccò, Signore!" and he pointed excitedly downwards at a vast triangular shadow that lay on the sleeping sea.

We had got up. So, too, had the sun. And all around us, far as the eye could range, was a blaze of light; in the east, over the Bay of Taranto, the sky was radiated with blood-red bars. Immediately opposite, to the west, the sky was of palest yellow, and the purple mountains were just tipped with the faintest pink.

Gradually, as the sun arose, town after town, village after village, hamlet after hamlet, emerged from the night; far below, around the face of Etna, green valleys and orange groves came out in liveliest emeralds; blue smoke

began to curl upwards from the houses; the red of the sunrise pierced the forests of larch and pine, and ran in crimson flood along the miles of lava that lay on the plains below. Far away, the Alcantara shone like silver under Castiglione, while, perched on her proud and world-famed height, Taormina stood out and took the morning, her great Greek Theatre flushed in the risen sunlight.

Even as we gazed, the scene changed. No longer any green and yellow tints away northward and westward; no longer that wonderful reflection of the mountain in the sea below; no shadow-land seemed left, no valley unexplored by the searching rays of the sun. All was a flood of light, a golden glow!

Carlo had not one whit exaggerated when he said that this novel view would surpass anything of the kind that I had ever seen before. So entrancing was it that we did not turn aside at once to examine the extraordinary crater, on the brink of which we stood. A sudden rumbling, however, reminded me where I was; and, as I turned, a

fresh volume of ashy smoke rose out in curling clouds, and rolled upwards into the still air. For a moment, we could see nothing. Then the mouth of the crater cleared, and I looked down into the earth as I had never looked before. Seething masses of lava and sulphur seemed to boil together far below; the sides of the crater streamed with the liquid mud, and emitted jets of sulphurous smoke and steam which frequently interrupted our view. Now and again there would fall on the lee side, a molten mass of sulphur or lava, and occasionally small pieces of cinder, called "rapilli," but these last were very rare. The circumference of the crater is about 2½ miles; the circumference of the mountain's base, nearly 82 miles. This mighty volcano rises to the height of 11,960 feet above the Mediterranean Sea; and from its summit not only are the three angles of the Island of Sicily visible, but also Malta, far away to the south.

It was impossible to tarry long on the summit; the ground on which we stood was intensely hot, and during the fifteen minutes already passed there, we both began to be sensibly affected by the sulphurous gases from the crater. A longer halt was out of the question. Carlo gathered up the wraps and other articles, and with an "Andiamo!" set off down the now soddened snow, singing "O bella Napoli!" at the top of his voice.

I shouted after him, but it was long before I could get him to hear. I wanted to know whether he intended continuing the descent thus, without any halt or breakfast. When he did hear me, "O bella Napoli!" ceased, and he looked suddenly grave.

"Not too fast," I called after him, "or you will forget the provisions!"

"Subito, subito, Signore," he replied, landing at the same time in a mass of churned-up snow by the rocks of our "câche."

The sun was now intensely hot, and we were not sorry to find some shelter under a few tall blocks of lava. Here we had our breakfast and a smoke; and afterwards resolved, as it was only eight o'clock, to have a nap before descending.

For a time, however, we sat and watched the view, surely one of the finest on earth—the glittering line of the Ionian Sea in the distance, the broad valley of the Alcantara below us, the misty heights of Epipolæ to the south, the scene of the strife of Naxos and Tauromenium, and orange-girt Catania. It were a sin, indeed, to hurry away from the magnificent view, the bracing mountain air. But our night's exercise, the invigorating air, and the increasing heat, soon began to tell upon us, and I was not long in following Carlo's example in coiling myself up for sleep.

* * * *

It was evidently getting late when, starting up from an exciting dream, I rose and looked around me. The sun had long left the zenith, and was nearing the west, casting shadows over the pine forests of the valley; and I knew that it was time for us to be going, they would be expecting us at the camp.

I looked at Carlo; but he slept so soundly, his face on his arms, and his head sheltered from the sun by a wide sombrero hat, that I hesitated to wake him. But I had no watch, and I was anxious to get at his, though I could not do so without waking him, as he lay face downward.

I looked again at the deepening sunset, at the snowy cone above, at the darkening valley below, and very cautiously I drew Carlo's watch from his pocket, and looked at it.

Good heavens! It was past five. There was no need to replace the watch quietly.

"Wake up, Carlo!" I cried, giving him a push. "We must be off at once; we have overslept ourselves."

But Carlo did not move. How soundly some of these guides can sleep.

"Come, wake up man!" I cried louder, again poking him in the ribs. Still he did not move.

Then I gave his body a more violent push, and it rolled inertly on one side.

Then I saw his face.

In an instant the horrible truth flashed across my mind. I tore open

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his shirt and laid my hand upon his heart. It had ceased to beat! I seized his wrist, and felt the pulse. It throbbed no more! I took out my pocket-knife, and laid the blade to his lips. But no breath tarnished it; and I knew that I was alone—alone with the dead!

What could I do? Far removed from habitation or aid. Should I leave the dead body to freeze under the coming frost, while I went down for succour? Still, poor Carlo was dead, and it was useless to remain with him now that he was beyond the reach of human aid. There was nothing for it but to descend to the camp.

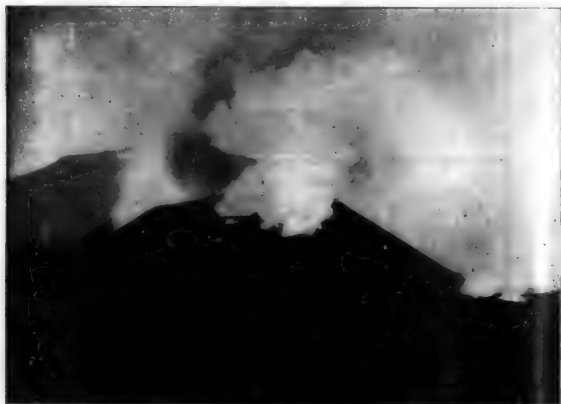
I took off my coat and laid it over Carlo's shoulders, and rolled the body in the rugs we had carried up with us. Then I dragged the burden into a nook where it would not be exposed to wind or frost, and fixed as firmly as I could the dead man's ice-axe, erect between the lava blocks, tying a white handkerchief to the adze. Then I turned to descend, taking up my axe and the lantern. The latter I saw I should

soon require, for it was already dusk, and growing very cold.

I was terribly unnerved. I had not yet had time to realise and feel the loss of a true friend and faithful servant; I was almost stupefied by the sudden shock, and began groping my way downwards in a dazed manner, scarcely looking where I trod. My brain seemed reeling, and I felt very sick in my stomach. I halted after about half-an-hour, and took a draught from my brandy-flask. This gave me more energy; I sat and rested for a few minutes. Great beads of perspiration came out on my forehead, and I felt very faint, so I lay back and watched the stars beginning to brighten above me, one by one emerging from the vast vault of heaven in the frosty sky. After a brief rest in this position, I was able to get up and resume the descent, and shortly after eight o'clock I could see the glow of the camp fire.

Both the boys were anxiously awaiting us.

But Giovanni, when he saw me



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"(Signed) THOMAS BYTHEWAY.

"37, The Green, Stratford, 11th February, 1896."

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appearing alone, dropped his lantern and ran to me crying:

"Corpo di Baccho, tutto solo, tutto solo!"

It required but a moment to explain what had happened.

Giovanni and Giuseppe at once wrung their hands and wept copiously. They were Italians; moreover, they had been devoted to Carlo, and had made more than one previous ascent with him.

I entered the tent, and threw myself down before the fire, and hastily partook of the soup that the boys brought me.

My convictions that poor Carlo had had an attack of heart disease, were now confirmed by what the boys told me. It appeared that he had from time to time complained of acute pain when climbing, and during his last ascent of Etna had been obliged to halt near the summit owing to a sudden attack. This was quite unknown to me, or I should never have counselled the present ascent.

* * * *

It was a slow and mournful procession that, with lanterns and a litter, arrived at the little albergo in Nicolosi that starlit midnight. We bore poor Carlo to the church, where his body lay till morning, then, with the sanction of the authorities, we took it on to Syracuse.

* * * *

Those who, journeying to-day through that lovely city of Sicily, where the flush of sunrise is ever carried oversea in a thousand varied hues till lost in the deeper flush of sunset, may chance to enter the shade and quiet of the great Cathedral; where, on a simple cross in the South Transept, they may read the legend:—

"C. M.

"Per aspera ad astra. R.I.P."

For there repose the remains of Carlo Maliti, one whose life was noble, and whose end was peace.



CORRECTION.—We much regret that a photo of "The Cloisters," the private residence of Mr. Richard Thomas, was used to illustrate "Round about Bushey" in our Christmas Number, and incorrectly described as "Professor Herkomer's Studio."

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Factory: **48a, ARTILLERY LANE, BISHOPSGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.**



DON'T CATCH COLD

WITH the winter comes the cold damp weather so dreaded by those not naturally robust. Colds are plentiful—almost everybody has one—and while not perhaps very serious in themselves, it is the after consequences that are to be feared. A neglected cold will often lay the seeds of consumption, and every one knows what that means in most cases—death, and if not, a life prolonged at the cost of much pain and suffering. People are too apt to make light of a cold as a small matter that requires no special attention. That is where they make the mistake, only to be found out often when too late.

Whenever you find you have a cold, take care of yourself, and do not expose yourself more than necessary, and besides doing that you will be wise if you provide yourself with some reliable remedy. If you do, you will get better all the quicker.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic for the purpose cannot be beaten. A dose at bedtime will remove any cold, or relieve a cough. It is sold by all chemists, and prepared by W. T. Owbridge, Chemist, Hull.

KEEP THE PORES OPEN

If we want to be healthy, one of the most important things that we have to

do is to keep the pores of the skin open. By doing this we allow the effete matter in our bodies to escape, that otherwise enters into the blood and contaminates it. Those who do not take much exercise especially need to be careful, as their pores are bound to be closed, unless kept open by hot baths.

A great luxury, which if better known should and would be in every household, is the Thermal Bath Cabinet, really a portable Turkish bath, the management of which is so simple that every one can understand it. The price, too, is within the reach of every one, commencing from 25s.

These baths can be seen at the L. P. Century Thermal Baths Cabinet Co., Regent House, Regent Street, London, W.

SOMETHING NEW

I SAW a new trunk the other day and was charmed, it was just the thing I had been wanting for a long time. I had it pictured in my eye and had visions of having it made to order if the expense would not be too great, when suddenly I came across it and found it precisely as I had pictured it, perfect in every detail. About the best way of describing it would be to call it a miniature chest-of-drawers contained in a trunk, with a place for everything and anything. You always know exactly where to lay your hands on what may be wanted. How

different from the old variety; many a time to my cost, I remember, have I vainly rummaged, trying to find something, and not succeeding, have had to turn the whole contents out before doing so and pack them all up again afterwards.

And in addition to the pleasure of knowing where your things are, is as strong as the old kind, and the price within the reach of all. They are sold by L. J. Foot & Sons, 171, New Bond Street, London, W.

AN EVERYDAY AFFAIR

WHEN we feel seriously ill, the first thing we generally do is to go to a doctor to find out what is the matter, and when he tells us, follow his advice and hope soon to be better.

But more often than not, though feeling far from well, we cannot call ourselves seriously ill, or at last bad enough in our opinion to need a doctor, and we hope and trust that it will be only a matter of a few days before we are about again feeling as well as ever.

And though this may sometimes happen, as we hope and pray for, more often instead, very slowly almost imperceptibly but none the less surely, we grow worse and in time become chronic invalids, unable to participate in any of life's enjoyments, formerly so dear to us, doomed to pass the remainder of our days in an existence from which all pleasure has been eliminated, and this is the fate of those troubled with Chronic Indigestion.

No other disease that afflicts the human race causes a tithe of the misery that this one does. Failures in business, through lack of being able to give the necessary effort to attain success; unhappiness in married life, and the breaking of life long friendships—these are only a few of the many evils due to an irritability of temperament caused by this dreadful complaint.

When we realise this, and trace as we do the cause directly to its source, Indigestion, we are at least forewarned as to

what to expect, should we be unfortunate enough to be numbered among its victims.

But if we are careful there is very little cause for alarm. It is only when neglected that indigestion becomes dangerous. If attended to in time, it is easily cured, and a great deal of pain and misery prevented.

At the first symptoms of an attack a reliable specific should be immediately taken. This will be found in Orain Tablets, an ideal remedy for this complaint. It is put up in a most convenient form, in small tablets that can easily be carried in one's pocket, and is always there when wanted.

It is no patent remedy or cure for everything, but it does what it is meant to do, and that is, cures indigestion, and is simply the prescription of an eminent doctor who found it so successful in his private practice that he determined the public at large should participate in its benefits; and that they appreciate the fact that it is a reliable remedy that can be trusted to do what it purposes to, is shown by the wonderful favour it has already met with at their hands.

Orain Tablets are sold by all chemists, and manufactured by the Orain Company, Ltd., 8, Catherine Court, London, E.C.

ABOUT TRAVEL

WHEN about to travel, after deciding where to go, most people will, I think, agree that it would be most delightful if everything could be arranged for us and so be saved all anxiety and worry, as to routes, hôtels and stopping-places. Could this be done, the trip would be twice as enjoyable.

And yet it is not generally known that this is an every day occurrence, both parties and individuals travelling under these circumstances to all parts of the

world without any extra exertion to themselves other than the teping in and out of the vehicles.

Should you wish to see any part of Europe, or for that matter of the world, on the system advocated, without trouble to yourself, you should join one of Lunn's admirably organised tours. "The name speaks for itself." From long experience he knows exactly where to go and what will interest you best, and at the same time not be too expensive.

If you want to go anywhere and to do so at the least cost to yourself, it will pay you to write Co-operative World Travel Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

that the appetite has returned it will do him no harm.

What he should have, however, as often as he wants and as much as he can take of it, is good cocoa; there is no better drink, being palatable as well as nourishing. It is just the thing for an invalid, and will help him more than anything else to regain his lost strength.

Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is about the most suitable preparation that I know of for an invalid, as, owing to the special process employed in its manufacture, it assists digestion. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is sold everywhere, and can be obtained from any grocer or from the Stores.

CONVALESCENCE

WHEN recovering from a severe illness, after the critical period is over and the patient declared out of danger, he has still to face a long interval of more or less enforced rest. He is too weak to do anything, except lie in a reclining position, and patiently look forward to the time when he will be up and about again. Alas! it is often a question of months before his trembling limbs are able to support their burden, and if not carefully nursed and looked after, he will probably never be the man he was before his illness.

More than anything else, he requires palatable, nourishing food at frequent intervals to keep up his strength; just at first nothing is better than good beef tea. But after a little, with returning health, his appetite grows and he requires something more substantial. He should get it and plenty of it, the more he eats and digests, the better for him and the sooner will he be about. About this time a little wine will do him no harm, and most probably a lot of good, the stomach cannot be over strong, through long disuse, and now

A PERFECT PEN

A GOOD pen is essential to a writer. Almost every one has their favourite type, and if by any chance it be mislaid they feel quite miserable and cannot do themselves justice.

Of late years the Stylographic Pen has made its appearance, and is gradually coming into general use. It is a great improvement on the old variety, and no one who has once used one would ever think of having any other kind.

You can carry it about with you and it is always there when wanted, giving so little trouble, as you have not always to be dipping it in the inkstand, that its use is a perfect pleasure.

If you have not already tried one you should certainly do so, and you will not be disappointed.

The Calton is a perfect Stylographic Pen, and can be safely recommended. It is sold for the low sum of three shillings, inclusive, with box and filler, and a better article from five shillings, called the Jewel Fountain Pen.

These Pens can be obtained everywhere, and are manufactured and sold by the Jewel Pen Company, 58, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.